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ALBERT

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NORDENSHILD:

OR, THE

MODERN ALCIBIADES.

A NOVEL,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1796.

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ALBERT DE NORDENSHILD.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE OF GRIEFFENHORST.

ALBERT de Nordenschild, one of the handsomest youths of his time, though wild as uncultivated nature, was equally improveable. Just returned from the chace, he had stretched himself, in a negligent posture, on an antiquated couch in the servants hall. Buxar, an old huffar, formerly belonging to his father's regiment, but now in his household service, and called in derision Master of the Horse, stood at the window cleaning his sabre,

which still continued to be the chief object of his affection. Buxar's figure might almost have been termed frightful; he had lost his left eye, a dark brown scar crossed his forehead, nose, and mouth, which gave his face a distorted appearance, in addition to which, a bushy red beard rendered it the perfection of ugliness. He was, nevertheless, the deserving favourite of General de Nordenschild; for his heart was as humane and good, as his face was deformed. He had just been quarrelling with his young master for over-heating the horses, and was endeavouring to conceal the vexation he felt, at the indifference with which Albert heard his reproaches, by humming a tune; which, however, had in it little of harmony, and bore some resemblance to the creaking of a wheel.

Albert seemed out of temper, and while turning himself from side to side Buxar at every movement hummed louder, shutting his eyes, or if he sometimes ventured to steal a glance at his master, he bit his lips and conveyed strong marks of discontent into his countenance. After remaining in this

this fallen mood for some time, Albert still throwing himself about in a restless, discontented manner, and covering his face with one of his hands, entered into a conversation with Buxar, that terminated in a reconciliation. "Hark ye! Buxar," said he, "tell me something about Stralsund."

"Aye," replied the master of the horse, grinning, "there were other sort of people then!"

"I wish," said Albert, "the devil had you, with your other sort of people."

"Now I suppose, young gentleman, you think I do not know that you are in this ill humour because Berda and Selina are gone a walking, without leaving word where you might meet them; but I know they are gone down the buck-walk to find you, for how were they to guess, that the devil, God forgive me! was to drive you into every lake, pond, and ditch, you could find, that the horses, poor things, look just as if they had been creeping on their bellies—how, I wonder, were the girls to find that out?"

B 2

“Hold

“ Hold your tongue,” rejoined Albert, half rising from the couch, “ and learn that I was determined to ford the river, “ to discover if the enemy were to take it “ into his head to besiege our castle, whether his cavalry could pass it; such a “ thought I suppose never entered your “ stupid brain, and because it has not happened in your father’s, nor your grandfather’s time, you think it impossible it “ ever should happen: but now I am convinced it can be done.”

“ Then, on my soul, master, you are “ in the right, for if we had known at “ Stralsund, that it was possible to pass the “ Travenick sea, we should have caught “ something well worth the trouble of “ catching.”

“ Yes! I suppose you would have caught “ Charles himself?”

“ Who else!—

“ Fine bragging!” said Albert, laughing, “ for how nicely you let him escape “ in the last battle, when he ventured too “ far, and was as good as in your power!

“ I dare

"I dare say he has since often laughed at
 "you all."

"None but the devil," retorted Buxar,
 in a passion, "who is the father of lies,
 "can make you say so.—Escape—Yes!
 "we let him escape indeed. Pray, who
 "told you we let him escape? My old
 "master, I suppose. Yes! yes! I always
 "said it was easier to command than
 "obey. Now, as the devil would have
 "it, there he stood, (pointing with his sa-
 "bre) my master I mean—fire! fire!
 "cried he, and fought his way through;
 "now we that stood at the redoubt saw
 "where the best bird was to be caught,
 "but—fire! fire! was repeated by many
 "a milk sop, without knowing what he
 "was about.—Fire, indeed! when our
 "red jackets were hanging on the palisades
 "like monkeys, and the casques swim-
 "ming in the moat like wild ducks; and
 "(sighing) there rode Charles."

"I should have liked," exclaimed Al-
 bert, jumping up, "to have seen him."

"He was no great sight; there was no
 "difference between him and his guards."

“I suppose you did not think he looked
“like a king, because you did not see a
“glittering star and a full-bottomed wig?
“which you fools always fancy to be the
“ensigns of majesty. But I tell you, that
“the king’s excellence lay in those parts
“of him, which, in others, are concealed
“by the star and the crown.”

“But, for all that, he was glad to seek
“safety in flight, when our red jackets
“pursued him.”

“But when was his flight?” inter-
rogated Albert, contemptuously; “not
“till his friend was dead; Rugen lost,
“and no possibility left to defend Stral-
“fund. Yet how difficult was it even
“then to persuade him, that his person
“was of more consequence than a hun-
“dred such water nests. I would not for
“the world have been in your service
“then; but I should have liked to have
“served under Charles.”

“But I suppose you would not have
“liked to have followed him into Turkey
“afterwards?”

“Yes,

"Yes, I should; I would have given
"him my last morsel of bread, and have
"starved myself rather than he should
"have wanted. You know, Buxar,
"that I love you, but nevertheless, if I
"ever hear you make use of such con-
"temptuous expressions of my favourite
"Charles again, I shall certainly give you
"a fillip on the nose."

"I know you have not the heart to hurt
"my poor old nose."

"You are in the right, for one must pity
"you. But come, Buxar, own the truth,
"and tell me if it was not one of Charles's
"followers that mauled you in this man-
"ner. You will, at least, allow him to
"have been a brave fellow!"

"It will drive me mad if I think of
"it."

"Charles! Charles!" cried Albert,
"every power was combined against thee;
"even fate itself!"

"It was easy," muttered Buxar to
himself, "to fence with a wooden sword;
"to have a hole bored in one's heart with
"a leathern scabbard, is no very dangerous

“ affair ; or to receive a tap on one’s arm
“ from a blow that is as light as a feather,
“ is a mere joke. To romp with Augusta
“ to-day, Louisa to-morrow, and the day
“ after another lass, is pleasant enough :
“ faith ! I believe I should not dislike it
“ myself ; however I think—yes, I do
“ think he has a good heart, and that
“ something may still be made of him ;
“ and then, young gentleman, you will
“ remember poor old Buxar’s face.”

“ Buxar,” continued Albert, jumping
up, “ I am tired, heartily tired of this
“ miserable, indolent life.—To ride my
“ horses to death, and for what ? to shoot
“ a hare or a partridge ! Is this to be my
“ destiny ?”

“ But,” said Buxar, laughing, “ you
“ forget the girls.”

“ I am weary of it, even with them in-
“ cluded. I think my father must be
“ ashamed to see me in this torpid state of
“ indolence, particularly when he reflects
“ on what he was at my age. But at that
“ time men and soldiers were wanting, not
“ fox-hunters.”

“ What

"What the plague do you want the king
"to declare war that you may have some-
"thing to do?"

"No, I am far from desiring that; he
"must be worthless, indeed, who for the
"sake of private interest can wish for war,
"that ever has been, and ever will be, the
"ruin, the scourge of countries. I thought
"you were better acquainted with my sen-
"timents, and that you knew my heart
"always bled for the misery, the oppres-
"sion of the poor. But in the mean time
"I must have some employment, and
"should a war break out, I shall be
"ready to take an active part in it."

"You formerly used to tell me about
"one of your favourite heroes; I have
"forgot his name, that knew how to
"amuse himself in time of peace."

"You mean Alcibiades—yes! I once
"determined to imitate his virtues, and to
"avoid his errors."

"But you forget both, when you have
"a pretty girl in your arms."

"You seem inclined to feel how my
"pulse beats. You guess right, Buxar,

“my blood circulates more freely, and my
“heart beats quicker on the bosom of a
“pretty girl, than under the strap of my
“shooting pouch; the soft pressure of a
“female hand! the glance of a bright
“eye! Why, Buxar, I believe even your
“iron heart has felt the power of love.”

“Ay! and that most terribly.”

“But there is a great difference in love,”
said Albert.

“That,” replied Buxar, “no body
“knows better than myself, for I have
“tried it in all countries.”

“You are an old fool; one sees and
“desires, plays and is caught; but upon
“my honour, Buxar, women are not of
“consequence enough to me, to be an
“employment; they are only an agreeable
“amusement for a leisure hour. I have
“seen many handsome women in my life,
“but the recollection of them does not
“give me more pain than that of my grey
“mare which died at Gottingen.”

“That is right; when I was young I
“did the same, or how would the tatters
“of my poor heart hang about the world.

“I re-

"I remember the first question the girls
"used to ask me, when I was saying civil
"things to them in my way, was, 'how
"far is it to your country, and when shall
"we be married?' But that would not do
"for Buxar; he drew his neck out of the
"snare as fast as he could, and flew away
"like Spanish snuff."

Casper's bell rang, and Buxar throwing
his fur jacket over his shoulders, went to
answer it. But Albert did not remain long
alone, for Berda and Selina, his two cou-
sins, had returned from their morning
walk, and on hearing he was in the ser-
vants hall, went to him.

Albert had been educated and brought
up with them; they were the loved com-
panions of his early youth; nor was his
affection abated, by his having been ab-
sent the greatest part of the five years they
had spent at Grieffenhof. For after the
death of their father, the unfortunate
Major Nordenschild, his brother Casper
had taken his two orphan nieces under his
protection, and they by their affectionate
attentions and natural cheerfulness had
beguiled

beguiled the lonely hours of that worthy old man, during the time his son was absent at the university, and on his travels; and he, in return, repaid their love with such paternal affection, that though they might feel, they did not regret the solitude they lived in. Both were good, artless, and amiable; their manners were simple, and their minds uncorrupted.

Berda, the eldest, with a vivacity of disposition almost bordering on wildness, was tall and well made, and her face might without flattery be called handsome; her penetrating black eyes seemed formed to subdue every heart, and but few who saw her, escaped feeling their power. Selina's person was not inferior to her sister's, but her manners were entirely the reverse; for she was gentleness itself, and often did her dove-like eyes, without intending it, rob her sister of her conquests.

Berda, in her dark green riding habit, ran, or rather flew across the hall to Albert, and throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him, cried, "good
I " morning

"morning to you, you rake."—"The same to you," replied Albert.—"Good morning to you, my dear Albert," said Selina, then throwing back her veil, and offering him her cheek. Albert embraced her, saying, "good morning to you also, my dear Selina, you look like an angel in your white dress this morning."

"We waited for you a long time," replied Selina, "at Beech Grove, my dear Albert."

"I believe," said Berda, "I ran up the hill a hundred times to look for you."

"But no Albert," added Selina, "was to be seen."

Albert embraced them both, crying, "but now I am here, and could live an eternity in those arms."

Buxar came into the hall with a handful of letters, just as Albert was kissing the girls, and laying them in the window, said, "I know who used to come in for a snack formerly."

"Who, you old fright?" demanded Berda.

"I, from Miss Berda, if you know her."

"I kiss

"I kiss your hideous face! look in the
"glass you monster, and see how heaven
"has marked it, as a punishment for your
"youthful sins."

"That cannot be altered now," said
Buxar, "but I was not hideous and a
"monster when I used to ride you on my
"knees at Riedinstun, when you were
"little girls, and ran about in your round-
"ear'd caps. Then as soon as I had deli-
"vered my messages to your papa, nay;
"often before I had finished it, you were
"both pulling me about; then it was,
"now, dear Buxar, let me ride, and I will
"kiss you, pretty Buxar, if you will let me
"gallop a little longer." And as I was al-
"ways tired before Miss Berda was, she
"used to stroke my face, kiss, and coax
"me most.—If she would, but do so
"now!"

"Go about your business, you old fool,
"and do not make a laughing-stock of
"yourself."

"So I will," said Buxar, taking up the
letters, "but on recollection I must dress
"myself first (*pulling off his jacket.*) With
"your leave, ladies—you know this room

"is

"is mine; you may therefore chuse either
 "to leave it, or see me in my shirt; for
 "I must endeavour to make myself look a
 "little handsome."

"The idea of you and beauty, diverts
 "me. For you may adorn a goat as
 "much as you please, but a goat he will
 "still remain."

"And I, Buxar. The devil may be a
 "beauty compared to me, for any thing
 "I know to the contrary."

"But you are an honest fellow," said
 Albert, "for all that."

"That is the greatest compliment you
 "can pay him," answered Berda, "and
 "when you have said that, you have said
 "every thing."

She and her sister then left the room,
 and Albert inquired where Buxar was
 going to; who informed him, "to take
 "the letters to the post-office."—"Let
 "me see who they are to;" said Albert,
 going towards the window, and taking
 them up, one after the other. 'To Co-
 "lonel Ratland.'—Now what can my
 "father write to him about, but for a
 "pro-

"prolongation of my leave of absence
"from my regiment, which I am sure
"I do not desire.—'To Captain Adensee,
"Pay-master General.'—What business
"can he have with him? at least, he has
"no debts to pay for me.—'A Madame
"la Comtesse de Pruscha, rue de Wifin-
"bach.'—One of those unhappy females,"
continued he, "who would be glad to
"have the date of her wedding-day erased
"out of her almanack, and love out of her
"heart.—Did you ever see her, Buxar,
"I have been told she is handsome?"—
"She is both handsome and good;" re-
plied he. "But I cannot think how she
"came to marry that old tyrant."—
"There are many things that happen in
"the world; particularly in the great
"world," observed Albert, "the reasons
"of which you will not easily guess; this,
"however, I can tell you: two of the
"first families of Bannau had long been
"at variance, the court wished them, for
"certain reasons, to act in conjunction,
"a reconciliation was therefore necessary;
"and she was the victim." Albert looked
at

at the back of the letter, which he had held in his hand during the time he was speaking, and read the following words :

“Should the countess have left Mencia before this letter arrives, it is not to be sent after her, but returned to General de Nordenschild, at Grieffenhorst.”—
 “Very extraordinary !” said Albert ;
 “what can my father mean by it ; he cannot surely suspect her of going to pay her respects to her husband ? if she does, she must have weighty reasons for doing so.”

“To be sure she must,” said Buxar.
 “But, (holding his finger to his nose) I remember soon after you went out this morning, my master received some letters, and immediately after he ordered me to have the garden apartments prepared, for that he soon expected some company. Perhaps the Countess is coming.”

“What business,” asked Albert, “can she have here, and yet—”

“You wish her to come. Do you want any thing brought from town, (putting
 “the

"the letters in his pocket) powder, shot,
"or balls?"

"No! but if you see Madame de Stenberg, you may give my respects to her.
"For I suppose she will call to you when
"you pass her house."

"And if she bids me tell you that she
"shall expect you in her garden this afternoon, what am I to say!"

"Say! why say: I intend to wait on
"her. — For you know I must try the
"new horses this evening."

"To be sure."

Albert, absorbed in a profound reverie for some time after Buxar left the room, at length gave free vent to his thoughts in a soliloquy, in which, finding himself alone, he uttered, without reserve, the genuine sentiments of his heart.

"Love and knowledge, what delicious
"dreams do ye afford! With equal impatience do we thirst after both, what
"pleasure, what childish joy do we feel
"when fancying we have discovered the
"spring, where this thirst may be allayed;
"our hearts beat quicker, our lips burn
"with

" with impatience ; we drink as if heaven
 " were in the draught ; remove the glass
 " from our lips and we thirst again. This
 " undescribable void, this continual desire,
 " of something unpossessed, will ever be
 " our lot, whilst we continue to see with
 " these eyes, think with this head, and
 " feel with this heart. And it is a question,
 " difficult to resolve, if the contrary would
 " be more beneficial. For the contented
 " man would be inactive, the happy ab-
 " sorbed in selfish gratification. This the
 " great Artist foresaw, and therefore im-
 " planted in us this anxious desire, this
 " restless wish for happiness, which will
 " ever be sought, but never obtained, to
 " prompt us to noble deeds ! And in return,
 " as parents give their children toys to
 " amuse them, he gave us this something
 " in prospect, which, though it seems to ex-
 " ist every where, is in reality, no where
 " to be found : it flutters about us, swims
 " on the surface, but never, never settles.
 " Sometimes it appears of a gigantic size,
 " but in a moment dwindles into a dwarf ;
 " and at the instant we fancy it an immense
 " moun-

“mountain, it vanishes into an airy phan-
“tom. It is a shade between imagination
“and certainty, vision and reality: a kind
“of twilight; for the heart of man could
“as ill support a sudden change, from a
“state of expectation to one of fruition,
“as his eye could the immediate transi-
“tion, from the darkness of night to the
“glare of sun-shine. We call it hope, ra-
“ther should we call it deception; for
“what mortal can flatter himself with the
“expectation of ever attaining the summit
“of his wishes. In vain will the philoso-
“pher search after wisdom; his time will
“be spent in fruitless inquiries, and his
“disappointed expectations will most pro-
“bably embitter his days with gloomy
“doubt. He will die hoping and wishing,
“yet fearing. How vain, how illusive, are
“the lover’s hopes! and yet this kind de-
“ception is the most beneficent gift our
“Creator has bestowed upon us; for could
“we only peep behind the veil of certain-
“ty, inaction and satiety would destroy
“us. Look at the greatest beauty that
“ever existed; admire the lustre of the
“brightest

"brightest eye, and what object can afford
 "more pleasure to the sight? But examine
 "it through a microscope, and you will
 "discover nothing but a shapeless mass of
 "nerves, fibres, and veins: was the heart
 "a mirror, and the eye a microscope. O
 "fie! Man was formed for action, Nature
 "has therefore given him strength and
 "reason. Our soul, this being so much
 "above our comprehension, this impartial
 "Judge placed in our bosoms, was not
 "formed for this planet. But why do I
 "puzzle myself with reflections, that a
 "finite understanding cannot fathom? ra-
 "ther let me endeavour to glide through
 "this vale of uncertainty in the best man-
 "ner I can; and act as becomes a man.
 "But much is required from one, that is
 "determined to act, rather than talk; let
 "me consider: The little learning we ac-
 "quire at schools and universities, is usu-
 "ally forgotten as soon as we leave them,
 "and if remembered, is of little use to us
 "in the common occurrences of life, as it
 "chiefly consists in a senseless combina-
 "tion of hypothetical systems, that our
 "teachers

“teachers do not frequently understand
“themselves. What then is requisite to
“form the man after my mind, the exam-
“ple I wish to imitate? Good sense in the
“first place is absolutely necessary, which
“must be nourished by observation, to
“give a proper direction to the heart and
“mind. Yet, without courage, stability,
“and content, he would by no means an-
“swer my expectation: there he stands
“with undaunted spirit! Neither the smiles
“of the multitude, nor a tyrant’s frowns;
“have power to alter his fixed determina-
“tion, or force him to do what his heart
“tells him is wrong. Courage, stability,
“do I possess you? that is a question the
“first time I am in need of you, must de-
“termine. But, with my sanguine dispo-
“sition, and heated imagination, I fear I
“have at present but little probability of
“enjoying much content, and innate peace
“of mind; for how shall I be able to bear
“with patience and composure, the una-
“voidable evils I shall be surrounded with?
“the follies, the knavery of mankind will
“irritate me every moment; and my heart,
“how

“how often will that play the traitor ! In
“what part of the world can we escape the
“penetrating glance of a female eye ? and
“shall I have power to close mine, and
“let it pass unnoticed ? No ! for I might
“as well bury myself alive, as to drink the
“dregs of the cup of life, and let the spirit
“evaporate untasted. Would it be meri-
“torious to avoid walking for fear of fall-
“ing, or to renounce riding, lest we should
“be thrown from our horse ? No ! walk
“and ride with caution ; and should you
“stumble, or even fall, you will still have
“an advantage over him, who through
“fear never quits his fire-side ; who closes
“his eyes that he may not see, stops his
“ears that he may not hear, his mouth to
“prevent his speaking, and smothers every
“noble feeling, that he may avoid doing
“wrong. I cannot call him, who acts in
“this manner, a man, No ! he is a senseless
“clod. But to enjoy life without abusing
“it, to be able to possess and forbear, with
“the same tranquillity, that is the criterion
“I wish to attain. Without experience, as
“I am at present, nothing ruffles my tem-
“per,

“per, but when a female, or a villain
“smiles at me; there my nerves suffer an
“electric shock, which I hope, at my age,
“is not wholly inexcusable.

“My mind seems not unlike a picture
“gallery, where I have stored up many re-
“semblances, which serve to remind me
“of past pleasures; the recollection amuses
“me, nor do I regret its being an ideal
“amusement. I have already a tolerable
“collection, and hope if I live, to increase
“it. But at times a certain imaginary be-
“ing presents itself to my fancy, which
“chases away every other idea, and occa-
“sions a sigh: is it the lively Berda? No!
“the gentle Selina? No! but, I think,
“with a composition of you both, Nature
“could model a form and mind, that
“would answer my idea of female perfec-
“tion; and should I ever find such a one,
“what happiness will be mine! Dear ob-
“ject of my waking dreams, you, and you
“alone, shall possess my whole, my undi-
“vided heart! But in the meantime let
“me enjoy each offered pleasure; I will
“neither seek, nor too anxiously desire
“them,

“ them, but gather the roses that are strewn
 “ in my way ; and will likewise endeavour
 “ your to bear the privation of them, without
 “ repining or murmuring. I intend
 “ to try my new horses this evening ; does
 “ this coincide with my present determination ?
 “ Yes ! Madame de Stenberg is
 “ handsome and amiable, and I shall spend
 “ an agreeable evening with her ; and when
 “ I come back I shall relish my supper, and
 “ work at my plan of the fortifications of
 “ Grieffenhorst with double pleasure : it
 “ will please my father if I give it him at
 “ breakfast to-morrow morning. I will
 “ therefore go as soon as dinner is over,
 “ and if I do not find her in the garden,
 “ will return and play at chess with him,
 “ or with the girls, for nuts.”

Casper de Nordenchild was one of the
 worthy nobles of Barenau, who with un-
 shaken fortitude, fidelity, and courage,
 had, at the head of a small party, de-
 fended his country during the different
 revolutions it had sustained, before it was
 raised from a small state to that of a
 flourishing kingdom, at once the envy and

terror of neighbouring monarchs. Casper had long retired from court to his castle at Grieffenhorst; but as his mind was still active and vigorous, although his body was worn by age and infirmities, the solitude he lived in, did not prevent his being useful to his king and country; Arno, who knew, and respected his worth, and gratefully remembered the obligations he owed him, undertook nothing of consequence without first consulting, and asking his advice; for he was not one of those princes who forget their friends, when they are no longer in need of their assistance. Casper was to him, what kings seldom have, a tried, a disinterested friend. Nay, perhaps, even more so than Arno himself knew.

Yet great as Casper's worth was, it had not procured him happiness; and even now his mind was oppressed by a weighty concern, which no one but himself and Buxar knew; and which occasioned him the greatest uneasiness. His success in the field, and celebrity in the cabinet,

cabinet, had been equally great; but great indeed were the domestic misfortunes he had suffered. A wife, a beloved wife, had, in a paroxysm of delirium, put a miserable end to her existence: soon after, the war broke out, and being forced to join his regiment, he sent his only daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl of seventeen, to his brother at Reidenstein, (who on account of his being disabled in a former campaign, had been obliged to quit the service) thinking she would be safer there than at Nordia; unfortunate precaution! for a perfidious villain gained admittance into his brother's house; a pleasing and deceitful exterior imposed on his vigilance, and seduced the unfortunate Caroline. When her uncle first discovered the fatal secret, grief and rage almost deprived him of his senses; for he knew the deadly blow it would give the best of brothers: in the agony of despair he challenged the vile seducer to meet him on the frontiers; they fought, and he fell. The repentant and much-afflicted Caroline, suffering in mind and body;

for sorrow had preyed on her constitution, and brought on a premature child-birth, was left without a friend; and to add to her misfortunes, the enemy entered the country at the moment she was most in need of assistance. The havoc and destruction they made occasioned such consternation, that her attendants forgetting the calls of humanity, left her to perish, that they might have time to conceal their effects. These, and other misfortunes that befel him in the course of a few years, seemed to threaten the entire extinction of the name and family of Nordenchild; a family once so numerous and extensive. It is true, Fame would immortalize its name, but can empty fame relieve the anguish of a wounded heart? Honourable wounds had weakened his body, as sorrow had depressed his mind; he therefore at the end of the war (which happened soon after the death of his ever regretted Caroline, and in which he had gained unfading laurels) extricated himself from public business, and retired to this loved retreat. Since that time the
education

education of Albert had been almost his only care, as his company, and that of his two nieces, had composed almost his only society: sometimes it received the agreeable addition of an old friend, coming to pass a few days with him; but this circumstance seldom occurred. Often would a tear glisten in his eye, when he looked at the girls, and a sigh escape him when he saw Albert; the former occasioned by painful recollection of the past, and the latter by anxious inquietude concerning the future. It is true, he had hitherto had every reason to be satisfied with Albert's behaviour; he had followed him with a watchful and scrutinizing eye through his different studies, and had with pleasure perceived that he had diligently attended to them, and comprehended even the most difficult with the greatest facility: he had likewise acquired the esteem and friendship of many learned and worthy men, at the different places he had visited: but he was also a favourite with the ladies. This and other reasons awakened Casper's fears, on his ap-

proaching journey to Nordia to join his regiment, in which he had long held a lieutenant's commission. He had protracted his departure as long as he could, to do so much longer he knew was impossible, and when he thought of their approaching separation, his uneasiness increased; for he knew the dangers he would have to encounter at Nordia, the dissipated Nordia! where numberless snares would be laid to entangle him. He knew his heart was good, but open and without disguise; unacquainted with court intrigues, and cabals of every kind. Nor was he ignorant of the warmth of Albert's disposition, his enterprising spirit, and ardent passions; feelings that might animate him to the most noble actions, but if they took a wrong bias, might make him the most worthless, or most unhappy of mankind. These and others of the same nature, were the thoughts ever present to Casper's mind, and they occasioned a gloom to hang about him, that he could not shake off, and which daily increased; for he could not divest himself

for blue read black

himself of the thought that he might never again behold his son, or might see him wretched.

for blue read black

I have already said Albert was handsome, but to give my readers some little idea of him, I will add, that he was tall, and elegantly formed; of a ruddy complexion, with dark brown hair, and large blue eyes, which he perfectly well knew how to manage; and when he talked, flattered, or affected to languish, few female hearts could resist their power. We shall soon follow him to Nordia, and then we shall see what flutterings the handsome Nordenschild will occasion in many a bottom. This Casper foresaw, and did all that caution, advice, and entreaty could, to prepare him for the first storm, which was likely to prove the most dangerous. But we will hear what he says to Albert, who, after having indulged his reflexions, went up to dinner. Nothing of consequence was talked of till the repast was over, and his cousins, with their musick-master, who dined with them, had retired. Selina was the last who left the room; just as she was retiring, Casper called to her to bring him

another glass of wine, and "give Albert
"one also," continued he; "I do not
"know what is the matter with him to day,
"I doubt something has happened to put
"him out of temper."—"Indeed I am not
"out of temper, my dear father," said
Albert, "nor can I tell what is the matter
"with me; I am restless and uneasy, and
"when I am so, I am always displeased
"with myself." Silena, with a timid and
downcast look, presented the wine to them,
and then left the room; but the reluctant
manner in which she did it, too plainly
shewed she left her heart behind her. Cas-
per seated himself on the couch, and de-
siring Albert to place himself by him, be-
gan the conversation by saying, "I have
"long perceived something was the matter
"with you, but whether I have had suffi-
"cient penetration to discover your real
"disorder, is another question. When
"you returned from your travels, Albert,
"you were always what you now are but
"seldom; and it seemed impossible to sub-
"due either your courage or spirits. I im-
"perceptibly did all in my power to curb
"your

“ your too enterprising disposition, and
 “ hoped, by endeavouring to moderate
 “ your passions, I should contribute to your
 “ happiness: but your altered temper
 “ makes me fear I have taken a wrong step,
 “ or (observing him) is solitude disagreea-
 “ ble to you? do you wish to leave it, and
 “ engage in the bustle of the world? tell
 “ me if I have guessed right.” Albert
 pressed his hand, and he continued: “ I
 “ am acquainted with the goodness of your
 “ heart, and understand perfectly the
 “ meaning of this pressure of your hand;
 “ you wish to be gone, but are unwilling
 “ to say so, lest I should think you weary
 “ of my company: I am glad, however,
 “ I have discovered the source of your un-
 “ easiness, for I almost began to fear it was
 “ owing to another cause. You are in the
 “ right, Albert, to amuse an old man, and
 “ play with a couple of girls, is not the plan
 “ Nature has traced out for you: but you
 “ have a difficult task to perform, much to
 “ do, if without an able guide, you dis-
 “ cover the path your birth intended you
 “ to tread.” Casper recollected himself as

he spoke, and stopped short. "I once
 "hoped to have gone with you, and to
 "have assisted you with my advice, but
 "my infirmities prevent this, you must
 "therefore go alone. I shall settle every
 "thing for your departure as well as I am
 "able; and I think it more than probable
 "that you may set off in a few days." Albert's countenance brightened as he spoke, and Casper, laughing, continued, "It is
 "better for you to go before you entirely
 "turn the girls heads."

"I hope Sir," said Albert, "you do
 "not suspect——"

"I do not merely suspect, for I am certain; does not Berda imitate all your
 "follies to please you? and as for Selina,
 "I have often caught her talking to the
 "moon. I suppose I shall have trouble
 "enough when you are gone to drive you
 "out of their heads."

"I shall be very sorry," continued Albert, "if they have mistaken friendship
 "for love—nor do I think it possible;
 "for I have often entertained them with
 "describing the person and perfections of
 "her,

“her, who some time or other will capture
“my heart, and which they could not
“mistake for themselves, as it was very
“unlike either of them.”

“I am glad to hear you talk in this
“manner, for I own I feared your altered
“temper was owing to love, for which I
“should have been very sorry, as it was
“entirely out of my plan, and what I
“never should have consented to.”

“How could you suspect me of such
“folly, Sir,” rejoined Albert, “I own I
“prefer a fine girl to a fine flower; but
“for one that has his fortune to make,
“falling in love, is like burying himself
“alive.”

“Continue,” said Casper (clapping his
shoulders) “to think thus; for at your
“age the soldier that is in love is half, and
“he who is married, quite invalid: at pre-
“sent it is the approbation of men you
“must endeavour to gain; and the amia-
“ble, the noble-minded woman’s affec-
“tions are always placed on him, who
“deserves the esteem, the approbation of
“worthy men: for how soon will love

“that is not founded on esteem evaporate?
“and how often do our feelings deceive
“us; how frequently by trusting to them
“do the best of women fall victims to
“the arts of the most depraved libertines,
“and the peace of mind of many a worthy
“youth is destroyed for ever by the snares
“of an abandoned female. Guard every
“avenue of your heart, my dear Albert,
“and take my word your caution will be
“rewarded some time or other.”

“It is not,” observed Albert, smiling,
“necessary to go into a field of battle to
“learn these tactics; the ladies have
“taught them me already.”

“Do you think,” asked Casper, “you
“have already acquired command enough
“over your heart to resist a female’s smiles?
“If you have, you are a hero, indeed;
“but I fear! I fear!”

“I beg, Sir, that you will not degrade
“me to the level of a common place cha-
“racter. I love the company of women,
“but with them I appear the reverse of
“what I really am, otherwise I should
“not be endured in their company, and

“ then I might as well be out of the world;
“ but be perfectly easy on that account,
“ for depend upon it, you shall never hear
“ that female influence has prevented my
“ doing my duty, or fulfilling those obli-
“ gations, that as a man I feel myself
“ bound to perform.”

“ You will very soon have an opportu-
“ nity of proving the sincerity of your
“ promises; I mean at Nordia, where love
“ seems to be the chief business of life.
“ But let us change the subject: you know
“ the minister of the war department,
“ Count de Prascha, is sent to Hulm to
“ ask in marriage the Princess Risa, the
“ Landgrave’s eldest daughter, for our
“ Prince Hector. The Landgrave is dan-
“ gerously ill, and Risa is the acknow-
“ ledged heiress of his title and country.
“ If Prascha succeeds in his negotiation,
“ Hector will be happy, for her beauty,
“ virtues, and accomplishments, capti-
“ vate every one who sees her. He is ex-
“ pected to return in a few days, and as
“ this place lies in his road, he has sent
“ me word that he intends to take the op-
“ portunity

“ opportunity of paying me a visit. I must
“ give you a slight sketch of his character,
“ to prevent his being dangerous to you.
“ Prascha owes me gratitude, and pays
“ me with ceremony ; he will overwhelm
“ me with protestations of friendship, but
“ do not suppose his heart feels what his
“ lips utter. I am convinced he will do
“ all in his power to be servicable to you,
“ and to gain your confidence and friend-
“ ship, for he will think you an excellent
“ machine through which to operate on
“ me : you must therefore conceal your
“ real sentiments from his knowledge.”

“ It is melancholy,” said Albert, “ that
“ one is always obliged to act a fictitious
“ part in the world.”

“ Not in the field of battle, nor where
“ honour demands our acting without
“ disguise,” replied Casper ; “ but in the
“ common occurrences of life we must en-
“ deavour to study those we are connected
“ with ; indeed, it is prudent so to do, or
“ we should be greatly the losers, by be-
“ flowing an implicit confidence. The
“ Countess intends to meet her husband
“ here,

“ here, and I have written her word that I
“ shall send my horses to meet her at
“ Felicia, and I wish you to go with
“ them to escort her I need not desire
“ you to make yourself agreeable to her,
“ when I tell you she is young and hand-
“ some, and has great influence at court.”

“ I hope, Sir, you do not wish me to
“ owe my fortune to her influence : no !
“ I despise the man that is mean enough
“ to rise by female favour ; and were I a
“ king, I never would listen to such re-
“ commendations.”

“ I often try to discover your real senti-
“ ments, Albert, by disguising mine, and
“ I must do you the justice to own, they
“ are generally such as afford me pleasure.
“ But we have made such frequent digres-
“ sions in our discoveries, that we have
“ almost forgotten the principal subject,
“ that is, that you, if you can get ready,
“ go to Nordia with the Count, or if that
“ is too early, you may fix whatever day
“ you please for your departure. I wrote
“ to Adensu some time ago to inquire
“ about a lodging for you, and in a letter
“ I re-

"I received from him this morning, he
"informs me that he has hired one very
"convenient, in a good house near the
"parade.—In what state is your stable and
"wardrobe?"

"Such as not to detain me an hour.
"But I think my going with Count
"Prascha will seem as if I wanted to give
"myself a consequential appearance—to
"borrow a kind of reflected light from
"him. I should rather prefer gliding un-
"perceived into Nordia."

"I expected this to be your answer!
"As you please—it was merely a propo-
"sal.—But never say you are free from va-
"nity, for you possess more self-love than
"any person I know. You fancy you
"shall attract more attention by riding
"alone into Nordia, than if you compose
"part of a minister's train. Or do you
"wish to shew the world, merit, like
"your's, has no need of protection?—the
"event will prove if you judge right.
"Here is the key of my desk, you will
"find a thousand louis d'ors in it, take
"them for your equipment, for you must
"necessarily

“ necessarily have many expenses at present, and I should be sorry to reduce you to the mortifying necessity of asking me for money. I intend to remit you the same sum quarterly as you had at the university; but should it prove insufficient, I will with pleasure increase it—only do not contract debts.”

“ To do so, my dear Sir, would be abusing your goodness; besides, debts were always my aversion.”

“ You know, Albert, you are richer than many princes, for at present all I possess is your’s; but perhaps a time may come, that you will be forced to relinquish some part of it.” Albert looked surprised, and Casper continued—“ But why do I say, perhaps? for I am certain you will do so willingly, when you hear the name, and know the right another has to a part of it. Albert! my dear Albert! your history is at present covered with an impenetrable veil, that nothing but time, chance, or necessity can remove, and heaven send, that whenever

“ whenever it happens, it may be a propitious moment !”

“ I was going” said Albert, after a long pause, “ to beg of you to discover the mystery to me now, for to be acquainted with the worst would be preferable to suspense. But on reflection, I know if it was in your power, and proper for me to be informed, you would do it unasked. If I only inherit your virtues, what bugbear of misfortune can entirely depress me ?”

“ I will detain you but a few minutes longer, and then take my afternoon’s nap.—Think, Albert, that this is the moment of our separation, for perhaps when you leave me, I shall be less composed than I am now. The step you are going to take, is of the greatest consequence, and will have an influence on all your future life. With less anxiety should I know you were going into the field of battle, than to Nordia—but it must be. Nordia has been the school of the greatest heroes, but likewise that of the most depraved villains; there one
“ can

" can rise to the heights of virtue, or sink
 " into the lowest ebb of depravity ; one of
 " the extremes will be your's, for you are
 " not formed to tread the middle path of
 " life. I am assured that you have been
 " represented in an advantageous manner
 " to Prince Hector, and that he im-
 " patiently expects your arrival ; and I
 " think without partiality you will an-
 " swer, perhaps exceed, the idea he has
 " formed of you. Cultivate his acquaint-
 " ance, and endeavour to deserve and
 " gain his friendship. Hector is both
 " loved and feared at court ; the worth-
 " less dread the time of his ascending the
 " throne, for they know his penetrating
 " eye will soon discover their cabals, and
 " that the moment of his rise will be that
 " of their annihilation. But he is be-
 " loved by every man of sense and worth ;
 " not for the advantage of birth which he
 " possesses, but because his virtues make
 " him deserving the throne he is born to
 " inherit. Should you attain his favour,
 " a similarity of fate will be your's ;
 " many will envy, hate, and fear, and
 " bnt

“ but few love you. Malice will scruti-
“ nize your actions, and magnify your
“ smallest errors to the greatest crimes :
“ treacherously will fear conceal itself, till
“ a safe opportunity offers of attacking
“ you. But above all, Albert, beware of
“ the flatterer ! he is the most dangerous
“ enemy you have to encounter, the rock
“ on which thousands split. Against the
“ former you can shield yourself, by con-
“ scientiously fulfilling the duties of your
“ station ; by doing so, their envenomed
“ shafts will wound themselves, and re-
“ flect honour on you. But under the
“ mask of friendship, your most cruel
“ enemy can safely hide himself, to
“ watch the opportunity of destroying
“ you. In your happy moments you will
“ wish for a friend to share your pleasure,
“ for the participation of friendship doubles
“ every enjoyment ; and in the hour of
“ affliction, with what activity do we seek
“ one to unbosom ourselves to, in whom
“ we think we can safely confide ; for that
“ sorrow must be deeply rooted, indeed,
“ which is not mitigated by the sympa-
“ thizing

“thizing hand of friendship. But in that
“trying moment how often do our feel-
“ings deceive us? we chuse him for our
“confidant who appears most interested in
“our misfortunes; and instead of the
“friend we expected, often clasp a serpent
“to our bosoms, who, for the vilest pur-
“poses, abuses the confidence we reposed
“in him; or, through weakness, divulges
“the entrusted secret, on which our hap-
“piness or reputation depends.”

“I shall soon be disgusted with the
“world, Sir, if I find it such as you de-
“scribe.”

“I paint it in its true colours; therefore
“avoid the flatterer as you would the
“plague—believe me, he is your greatest
“enemy, and never will that youth rise
“to any degree of perfection, who wil-
“lingly listens to the voice of undeserved
“praise, which will persuade him he is
“already what he ought to endeavour to
“be; and instead of being animated by
“emulation and industry, he will sink
“into the most torpid state of indolence
“and inactivity. Albert! my heart bleeds
“when

“when I think of your being surrounded
“with these ever-smiling hydras—conquer
“these, and you have nothing else to
“fear !”

Casper pronounced the last words with a warmth and emphasis that shewed how much his heart was interested in the subject. Albert listened to him with the most unmoved attention, interested, but not intimidated.

“I feel, without fearing the dangers I
“am going to encounter,” said he, “but
“I am too well acquainted with the weakness, and permit me to say, the strength
“of my disposition, to think the smooth-tongued hypocrite will have any power
“over me ; the honest man, who without
“fear or disguise, speaks the truth, shall
“ever be welcome to me, be it ever so
“painful to my feelings, or mortifying to
“my pride. But I shall always keep at a
“distance, and treat with the utmost contempt, the despicable villain who——”

Casper interrupted him by saying, “and
“do you really speak your sentiments ?”

“Yes,” replied Albert.

“Then

“ Then leave me ; I can now take my
“ nap in peace ; for as long as you conti-
“ nue to think in the manner you do now,
“ neither you nor I have any thing to
“ fear.”

“ Not if you hear I amuse myself with
“ the ladies ?”

“ At seventy-four I have acquired pe-
“ netration enough to know, that to be
“ rigid to you in this respect, would be
“ encouraging you to act an hypocritical
“ part to me, which would pain me
“ more than I can express, as I wish to be,
“ and always to remain, your friend.
“ However, let reason and discretion
“ guide you at all times, and remember,
“ that women are frequently the tools of
“ faction, and that they often have heaven
“ in their eyes, and hell in their hearts :
“ be careful therefore not to become their
“ dupe ; besides, it is shameful to be out-
“ witted by a woman.”

Albert drank the glass of wine Selina
poured out for him, pressed his father's
hand, and left the room.

Casper

Casper pulled his cap over his forehead, stretched himself on his couch, and soon sunk into a peaceful slumber.

"I wonder," said Buxar, as he stood waiting at the gate, with Albert's hat, gloves, and whip; "I wonder where he stays so long." For although Buxar had not seen him since the morning, he knew his master was too compassionate to let a fair lady wait for him in vain. As soon therefore as he saw Albert coming down stairs, he offered him his hat, who inquired what he meant by doing so.

"Your horse is waiting, Sir, and it has struck three."

"It is too early to ride; besides, I did not order my horse."

"No! but Madame de Stenberg did!"

"She order my horses!"

"She did not order your horse, but she desires you will drink coffee in her garden this afternoon."

"I had quite," said Albert, "forgotten her."

"I wonder on my soul how you can forget such a handsome woman."

"What

"What did she say?" asked Albert;
 "Was she in a good humour?"

"You know," replied Buxar, "I always forget such kind of messages: besides, just as she was speaking, my horse took fright at an ass that passed, and reared and capered in such a manner, that I had enough to do to keep my seat; but I know she looked pleased when I told her, that as you intended trying your new horses this evening, you would take the opportunity of calling upon her."

"A fine compliment to pay a lady; I believe if you were to live an hundred years with me, I should never be able to make any thing of you."

"You may make as many compliments as you like when you are with her, you will have nothing else to do: but for my part I do not understand them."

"So," said Albert (putting on his hat) "I suppose I must go, as you promised her."

"You need not go to please me, I have had exercise enough to day; nor will it

“be the first lie I have told a woman on
“your account; for as often as my old
“master sends me to town, I am surround-
“ed by them, and am their dear Buxar!
“and their good Buxar! I am no such a
“fool as to think it is for the sake of my
“ugly phiz, but that I may persuade you
“to call on them, which I, to get rid of
“them, always say you intend to do in a
“day or two. But your time is so much
“engaged, that if I tell you of it you for-
“get it, and Buxar generally proves a
“liar.”

“But how dare you promise any thing
“in my name?”

“I am plagued enough as it is, and am
“glad to say any thing to get out of their
“clutches.”

“You are an old fool!”

“Now, I am an old fool, and yet you
“cannot do without me.”

“Come along then.”

They went, and soon arrived at Hassel-
back. Albert had enough to do to com-
fort his fair companion, for he had incau-
tiously told her, that this, in all probabi-

lity, would be the last evening he should be able to devote to her before his departure. Augusta wept ! and every one knows what interesting scenes are occasioned by comforting a weeping fair. The evening passed rapidly away, and it was late before Buxar heard his master's well-known whistle, the signal for him to bring his horse to the back gate. During his absence Casper had informed his nieces of his intended departure, and at the same time, in the most delicate manner, endeavoured to crush the chimerical expectations he fancied they both entertained, by informing them, that an inseparable bar prevented either of them ever possessing Albert's heart. Both seemed equally pained at hearing what was so contrary to both their wishes, although the effect it took on them was diametrically opposite : for Selina sat like the statue of woe, and Berda almost *rode her horse to death* for apparent vexation. Neither of them could blame Albert, for they knew they had deceived themselves ; and to doubt the truth of their uncle's assertion, would in their opinion have been as criminal,

minal, as to suspect the veracity of holy writ.

The next morning Albert perceived (or thought he did) the conflict that passed in their hearts. Selina's averted eyes and heaving bosom were silent emotions that pained him extremely; for as he really felt the most fraternal affection for them, he could not support the thought of their harbouring a disadvantageous opinion of him, and therefore, with all the eloquence he was master of, endeavoured to convince them of the sincerity of his friendship, and to persuade them that the sentiments they felt for him were of the same nature. He at last succeeded; I say at last, for it was two days before they regained their composure; when Selina smiling through her tears, and throwing her arms around his neck, begged he would forgive all the uneasiness and trouble she had occasioned him. But Berda's behaviour mortified him not a little: for after he had performed the disagreeable task of trying to eradicate himself out of her heart, and had made use of numberless arguments and persuasions for that

that purpose, he discovered that his father had led him into an error, and which, if known, might be attributed to vanity: for Berda confessed to him, that her affections had long been placed on another, with whom she carried on a private correspondence. Albert, happy to have it in his power to oblige her, promised to introduce the object of her love to his father, without inquiring who he was; but he repented the indiscretion he had been guilty of, when he heard her pronounce the name of "Hardi."

Hardi was a dissipated young man, whose parents lived in the neighbourhood of Grieffenborst: he was passionately fond of gaming, and a slave to many vices. Besides, he was Albert's irreconcilable enemy, he having rivalled him in the affections of Augusta, and another lady, which he could neither forget nor forgive: and his hatred was more violent as it was increased by fear; for he had a commission in the same regiment, and well knew Albert's merit and connexions would likewise supplant him there. But he was of too lit-

the consequence, in his opinion, to be attended to : the hatred or love of such a man was equally indifferent to Albert.

It, however, grieved him, that his cousin had bestowed her heart on such a worthless object ; and he thought it his duty to inform her of his real character, of which he supposed her ignorant : but on his doing so, she laughed, and said, “ I know you
“ dislike each other, but do you keep your
“ promise of introducing him to your father, and I warrant I will soon mend
“ his manners, and reconcile you.” Albert shrugged his shoulders, and reflected that a given promise was irrevocable, and that painful as it was to him, he was bound to keep it. The next day Hardi came to Grieffenhorst, under pretence of selling him a horse ; and as he was a consummate hypocrite, he played his part so well, as to deceive Casper, who at parting gave him an invitation to repeat his visit. Albert was willing to hope what he wished, that Hardi was not quite so depraved as he formerly thought him, and that it was possible his faults might have been magnified :

he

he therefore, with pleasure, paid him twenty louis d'ors for an old horse, that was not worth ten; happy to purchase, at so cheap a rate, the friendship of a deserving girl, whom he really esteemed.

At last the wished-for day arrived, that Albert was to go with the horses to Felicia, to meet the Countess Amelia de Prascha. He was impatient to see that unhappy beauty, whose story interested him. Berda had provoked him by making a number of observations, and among the rest, she had supposed that his gallantry would induce him to set off his person in the most advantageous manner, and to ride his best horse; and he, most probably from a spirit of contradiction, wore a plain riding dress, and rode his chesnut mare, which was by no means a favourite. Yet never did he look better, or more animated, than when he walked his horse to his father's window, to inquire if he had any other commands: "Nothing," replied Casper, "but what I have already told you." Albert wished him a good morning, and, spurring his horse, galloped away. As he arrived at

Felicia before the Countess, he rode on, attended by Buxar, to meet her; and the further he advanced, the more he lost himself in the pleasing thought that he should soon see that unfortunate beauty, whom his lively imagination represented to him, as the most perfect of her sex. Buxar, who had spoken to him two or three times, had received no other answer than a shake, or a nod of the head, he therefore forbore asking him any questions: they rode on in this silent way for some time, till they came to a turning in the road, which presented an open carriage and six to Buxar's view, in which sat a lady, seemingly asleep.—“There she is,” screamed he. Albert looked up, alighted from his horse, and flew to the lady, who was awakened by the roughness of Buxar's exclamation. She, with the most visible pleasure, threw back the gauze that covered her face, and attempted to jump out of the carriage to meet him; Albert prevented her, but he had never before found himself at such a loss for expressions; for he was so much surprized by the excessive joy the lady

seemed

seemed to feel, that it was impossible for him to think of a well-turned compliment. "You are too good, much too good," said the lady, throwing her arms round his neck, and embracing him, "to come to meet me; for although I expected much from your politeness and attention, I did not think you would have troubled yourself to come so far." Buxar, as much surprized as his master, stared, stroked his beard, and wondered what would be the end of such a violent beginning. Albert at last recollected himself enough to say, "From the description that was given me of you, Madam, my impatience to see you was such, that I have counted each tedious moment, and time seemed to move on leaden wings; but you so far exceed what was said of you, that praise itself almost seems censure."—"And do I really exceed your expectation, you agreeable flatterer?" said the lady; "and did you calculate the time of my arrival?"—"So exactly, Madam," replied he, "that my horses are waiting for you at Felicia."

As neither of them had the least inclination to separate, Albert seated himself in the carriage, and ordered it to go on. But before they had proceeded an hundred yards, they saw a meagre old man walking, or rather running along the foot-path, who as soon as he perceived Albert, hastily jumped over the ditch, and exclaimed, in a furious manner, "Who the devil have you got with you?" and ordered the postillion to stop.

"I wonder, thought Buxar, if this concerns us."

"Whoever your are, Sir," said the stranger, addressing Albert, "I desire you to leave the carriage immediately, for you will tremble when I tell you to whom it belongs."—"You are very impudent," observed the lady.—"Do not," replied Albert, "put yourself in a passion for nothing, friend; for I never before heard it was criminal to be seated by the side of a pretty woman."

"So," said his companion, addressing Albert, "you are not Count de S***?"

"Nor

"Nor you," replied he, "the Count-
"tes de Prascha?"

"No!"

"Then we are both deceived; but,
" (pressing her hand) own at least it was
"an agreeable deception."

Albert seemed unwilling to leave his fair companion, although now the whole mystery was explained to him: for he knew Count de S*** frequently sent for a priestess of pleasure from France, and perceived that this fair one was of that description, and just arrived; also, that the meagre old man was the Count's valet de chambre, whose business it was to convey her safely to his master. However, the good-natured unaffected manners of the lady pleased him, and he continued in the carriage, notwithstanding the valet did all in his power to force him to quit it. "Will you get out this minute, Sir," said he, "or ——" — "You will not be able to force me to do any thing against my inclination," replied Albert, with the greatest composure; "therefore hear my proposal, which is, to breakfast together

"at the village we see before us; for, say what you please, I am determined not to quit the lady abruptly." Lilli pressed his hand, and a few minutes brought them to the inn.

When they alighted, Albert removed the valet's scruples, by speaking a few emphatic words to him; and afterwards ordered Buxar to bring breakfast for him and the lady, into a summer-house there was in the garden. If Count de S***'s forehead itched at the time, or if he was a loser by being compared to Albert afterwards, are questions we cannot answer; but it is certain, that when he led her to the carriage after breakfast, she was extremely affected, reluctantly withdrew her hand from his, and declared, with a sigh, that the happiness she had expected to find in Germany, was gone for ever. Albert at last left her, but she followed him with her eyes, till she could no longer perceive the dust of his horse's feet, and then ordered the carriage to go on; the hind wheel of which pressed in the dust the tear that had fallen from a beauteous eye. After a long
silence,

silence; Buxar, no longer able to contain himself, said, "What the devil was the meaning of all this fuss?"

"A false attack," said Albert.

"Your attacks, methinks, are very sudden and violent."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes! and that you will have reason to repent them some time or other."

"Hold your tongue, old wisdom; but

"I thought you knew the Countess."

"So I do, I have helped her into

"her coach many a time; but one

"can easily be deceived in this world; for

"as we expected her, and I saw a good-

"looking woman in the calash, I thought

"it could be no other. What a fine piece

"of work you have made!"

"Is the Countess as handsome as

"Lilli?"

"I believe she is, and much hand-

"somer too!"

"I am glad of it, or, I fear, she would

"receive but a cool reception from me."

They rode on about a league, without meeting a dog, much less a carriage, when
they

they perceived, at some distance, an elegant travelling equipage, attended by several servants on horseback, whose livery Buxar soon discovered to be Count de Prascha's. Albert, spurring his horse, galloped up to the carriage, which stopped at his approach. Amelia did not rush into his arms, as Lilli had done, but she received him with so much gracefulness, and her looks were so mild, and expressive of so much goodness, that he felt his heart beat quicker than it did at Lilli's boisterous salutation. She observed to him, that "riding by the side of the carriage must be inconvenient, and that he had better let his servant lead his horse, and accept of a place within it. Albert with pleasure accepted her offer, and on his entering the carriage, pressed her hand to his lips, and thought he perceived a gentle pressure of her fingers. She seemed to guess his thoughts, which occasioned a confusion she could not entirely conceal; for she remembered how anxiously she had wished to see a man, of whom report had spoken so favourably. She looked at him
again,

again, as if she was determined to set her heart at defiance, but the agitation of her mind was with difficulty hid.

When they came to the spot where they had met Lilli, a few hours before, Albert could hardly forbear laughing at the hideous faces Buxar made at him. Yet the recollection was by no means pleasing; for although the adventure itself was not disagreeable to him at the time it happened, yet in the Countess de Prascha's company, he felt ashamed, and wished to forget it: but unfortunately she took a fancy to the village, and proposed to him to stop and dine there; he objected to it as politely as he could, by informing her, that he had ordered a dinner to be prepared for them at Felicia, where he hoped she would find some excellent fish; for Felicia is as renowned for the goodness of its fish, as Westphalia is for its hams, and Brunswick for its sausages. "Then at least," said she, "let me have the pleasure of offering you some refreshments that I have brought with me, if it is only to shew you, I have provided for the reception
" of

“ of my travelling master of the horse, as
“ your father pleasantly calls you in his
“ letter ; and who deserves my care, for
“ his being so very polite, as to give him-
“ self the trouble of coming so far to meet
“ me.”

When they alighted, Albert gave Buxar a wink, which he perfectly understood the meaning of, and in consequence, told the Countess's servants, that his master had unexpectedly met a relation on the road in the morning, and had breakfasted with her there ; and it was well he did so, for whilst he was speaking, an hostler, who knew him, passed, and flapping him on the shoulder, said, “ You are in luck to-
“ day, old boy, for you bring nothing but
“ pretty girls here : is this another cousin
“ of your master's ? ”

In the mean time Albert and the Countess walked about the garden, as they pretended, for the sake of its rural beauty, and extensive prospect ; but their attention was so much taken up with each other, when they returned, that an attentive observer would have betted a considerable sum,

sum, that they knew as little of either, as before they went into it. In the summer-house she offered him a glass of wine, which he drank with pleasure; for it was the gift of Amelia: seated by her side, he seemed to enjoy all the pleasure this world had to offer: she, too, seemed happy! for although long accustomed to be a slave to the duplicity and etiquette of a court, she detested them both. Albert's open honest countenance appeared very different from the mask she was accustomed to see; but how greatly was he a gainer by the comparison; he already seemed to her a friend, in whose fidelity she could trust. Sometime after, as the Countess was walking about the room, she read the following lines, that were written, with a pencil, in French, on the wall

“ Oh clip the wings of time, almighty power!

“ The present lengthen—shorten ev'ry other hour.”

Albert was confused, for he knew Lilli had written them in the morning. “ It is
“ a female hand,” said the Countess, “ and
“ I should

“ I should be glad to know, if the person
 “ was happy or unhappy at the time of
 “ her writing them.”—“ Most probably
 “ the latter,” said Albert; “ or at least she
 “ seems to think, as it usually happens in
 “ this world, that pleasure would soon be
 “ followed by pain.”

“ I am almost,” answered the Countess,
 “ of your way of thinking : it seems to be
 “ the beginning or end of a parting song;
 “ it is a pity it is not entire.”

“ The occasion of its being written,”
 said Albert, hastily, “ is rather to be la-
 “ mented.”

She looked surprised ! “ You are in the
 “ right, such moments are always painful,
 “ but the hope of meeting again makes
 “ them supportable.”

Albert gazed at her, to discover, if possi-
 ble the meaning of her words : her eye
 bore his scrutinising one ; she withdrew her
 hand from his, and went into the garden,
 to speak to one of her servants, whom she
 saw there. Returning into the room, she
 found Albert sitting where she had left him.

“ ab-
 blished.”

absorbed in thought. "Mr. de Norden-
 "shild," "said she, with a smile, "you
 "seem to have forgotten what you said
 "some time ago, that my company gave
 "you pleasure."—"No, Madam, replied
 he, "but only permit me to enjoy my re-
 "flections for another moment; they are
 "so pleasing, that I cannot tear myself
 "from them: only another moment."

Amelia filled his glass, and then called
 her servant to pack up the things. "Come,"
 said she, offering her hand to Albert, "let
 "us go, for our fish will be either over-
 "boiled, or cold, if we stay here much
 "longer." They went, dined at Felicia,
 and before it was quite dark, arrived safely
 at Grieffenhorst.

The sight of the Countess gave Casper
 the sincerest pleasure, and occasioned a
 flow of spirits unusual to him. He related
 a number of juvenile adventures that he
 and her grandfather had been engaged in,
 and laughed at the fright his whiskers used
 to put her in, when she was a little girl,
 and he attempted to kiss her. The Coun-
 tefs,

tefs, inspired by the cheerfulness of that worthy old man, and convinced of the sympathising part he took in her sorrows, almost forgot them; and owned it was the happiest evening she had spent for a long, a very long time.

The following day was devoted to tumultuous pleasures; for Casper, to amuse his lovely guest, had invited all the neighbouring gentry to dinner. "A lost day," said Albert, in the evening, and pressed Amelia's hand.—"Are we to have company again to-morrow?" was her reply; "Heaven forbid," said Albert: and they both received pleasure from Silena's assurances, that none was invited. Albert quitted the Countess with visible reluctance, but a look from her, which he interpreted to his advantage, tranquillised him. Casper was silent, but he attentively observed every thing that passed.

As soon as Amelia rose the next morning, she went to the window, and amused herself with counting the passing clouds; for her *femme de chambre* had told her that

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that Albert had ridden out: at the mention of his name, a sigh escaped her, and her feelings were painful to excess; for her heart was still uncorrupted, and it whispered to her, that without Albert, Grieffenhorst would be a desert. However, she soon had the pleasure, from behind her window-curtain, to see him ride into the court yard. He looked up at her window, gave his horse to his servant, and went into the garden. At that moment her maid entered, and asked her, if she chose to dress; it was exactly what she wished to do; and blush not, Amelia, if I say you did so in haste; and although in the most simple, yet becoming manner. As soon as she was ready, she went into the garden, without waiting for Selina, who had promised the evening before to walk with her.

She found Albert sitting in his favourite arbour, which was situated on the decline of a hill, amusing himself with drawing; a number of military sketches were scattered about; but to-day he seemed inclined to peaceful occupations, for he was employed

ployed in tracing a figure of Hope. Amelia, seating herself by him, looked at the different drawings that lay dispersed about; and then asked him if it would be agreeable to him to walk. Albert had seized her hand, and throwing his arm round her waist, entirely forgetting, at that moment, she was Countess de Prascha, pressed his lips to her's, which occasioned a sensation he had never felt before, far different from that which he had experienced from the caresses of an Augusta, or a Lilli. In short it either was love, or what very nearly resembled it. Amelia, distrusting herself, again proposed walking. "Come," said she, rising, "let us go and look for your Selina."

"My Selina," repeated Albert.

"Yes," replied the Countess, "your Selina."

"She is no otherwise mine," rejoined Albert, "than because her father was my uncle."

Amelia had perceived that Selina's attachment to him exceeded that of consanguinity, and her heart had already re-
proached

proached her with acting a faulty part towards that amiable girl. But Albert removed her fears, by assuring her, that although he felt the sincerest friendship for his cousin, it was unmixed with love; that a few days ago his father had hinted a suspicion to him, of her having mistaken his attentions, and that in consequence of it, he had thought it his duty to enter into an explanation with her; and that he had no doubt but Selina's prudence and good sense, either had, or soon would, conquer the effects of an unfortunate mistake, which his absence, and the affectionate councils of his father, would not a little contribute to. "I am glad to find," said the Countess, "that you have acted so honest a part; but, indeed, you would be unworthy the name you bear, were you capable of deceiving an innocent girl. I pity the fate of the lovely Selina (for what can be so shockingly painful as unrequited love) and join with you in the hope, that the lenient hand of time will administer the balm of comfort to her wounded heart."

They

They were soon after joined by Berda and Selina, and after they had taken a few turns they saw Casper, leaning on his crutch, coming down the walk to meet them; they all ran to him, and returned to the house together. Every one of the family endeavoured to amuse, and was anxious to gain the approbation and friendship of the charming Countess, who repaid, with gratitude and love, the attentions that were shewn her.

After dinner Albert proposed to her to take an airing in his phaeton, which she immediately consented to. She was delighted with the romantic beauty of the country, that formed a contrast with the plains which composed the environs of Nordia. A turning in the road suddenly presented a beautiful prospect, that pleased her so much, that she exclaimed, "Look, dear Albert!" but recollecting herself, she blushed at her imprudence. Albert was delighted, and begged she would ever call him by that friendly appellation, which she consented to, on condition that he would call her Amelia, which was changed
in

in a short time to "dear Amelia," and soon after, to "my dear Amelia." In short, their attachment was no longer a secret to each other, but a positive declaration of love was still wanting.

At their return they found the family assembled in the garden, waiting coffee for them; the day had been uncommonly fine, nor was the evening less so. Amelia, ever accustomed to the restraints of a town life, was charmed at the freedom she enjoyed, and delighted with the novelty of the different objects that surrounded her. The beauty of the setting sun, and the artless and plaintive melody of the nightingales, gave her the most heart-felt pleasure. Nothing could be more agreeable to Casper than the satisfaction she expressed, who wishing to increase it, said to Albert, "you should take the Countess to the wolves pit, perhaps it is still light enough to see the pheasants grove, and the steeples of Pisan." — "I shall be much obliged to you to do so," replied the Countess; "come, let us be gone." Albert offered her

his arm, and they ran away together. The wolves pit was the extreme edge of a chain of mountains, that presented the most beautiful prospect to the eye imagination can form. Under an oak of perhaps a hundred years standing, was a mossy seat, which was Albert's favourite seat; in this spot, even in his early youth, he had formed numberless plans for his future life—here he now sat with Amelia, and every thing else was forgotten. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, the vallies seemed covered with an impenetrable mist; here and there a steeple reared its lofty head, which seemed gilded by the rays of the setting orb, and the tops of the trees that covered the dusky mountains, appeared to be tipped with gold. As far as the eye could extend was the castle of Pisan, whose turrets seemed to catch the last ray of reflected light. The beauty of the scene was increased by the melancholy remains of many a ruined castle, or dilapidated tower that presented itself to the eye, once the possession of departed nobles, who rather than bend their necks to the yoke

yoke of slavery, chose to be buried under their ruins—the noblest monument of departed worth. What heart could remain unmoved at the noble and stupendous spectacle nature offered ! Albert had thrown his right arm round the Countess ; her left hand lay on his shoulder. But his attention was not fixed on the setting sun, nor was it the beauties of nature that he admired, for his eyes were fixed on Amelia's face, as her's were on the different objects that surrounded them. At first he had answered several questions she had asked him, but as she soon forbore speaking, he was likewise silent—an awful silence, for her agitated bosom plainly shewed that her's proceeded from a variety of painful feelings.

The sun was lost in darkness, but Amelia's eyes still remained riveted on the same spot, till at last recollecting herself, she turned to him, and with a look of ineffable regret, said, “ let us go home.” Albert clasped her to his bosom, and at that moment kissed from her trembling lips the assurance that he was not indif-

ferent to her. Amelia extricated herself from his arms, and looked timidly about her for some time, then rubbing her eyes, said, "where am I?—surely I am just awakened from a pleasing dream—for a moment I thought myself happy."

"Own," said Albert, "you thought yourself mine."

"I cannot deny it, Albert; my heart has for some days supported a cruel conflict, between the tyranny of human laws and——but why did you bring me here, where the aspect of nature, free, and unconfined, has made me trample on the fetters that cruel parents, to gratify their ambition, forged for this unhappy heart?"

"Dare I trust my own senses?" exclaimed Albert, "am I awake?"

"Hear my confession:—your expected arrival at Nordia was the topic of every conversation; much was said of Nordenschild, the handsome Nordenschild, that was soon to make his appearance. Curiosity, the bane of our sex, made me likewise impatient to see the man of whom

“whom report had spoken so favourably ;
“I therefore gladly embraced the oppor-
“tunity of meeting my husband here—
“and, alas ! I feel I shall deserve the
“envy and censure the world will bestow
“on me when I return.”

“I am indifferent to whatever the
“world may have said about me. But I
“am sorry to be forced to own my stupa-
“dity to you, dearest Amelia, and con-
“fess that I am at a loss for words to assure
“you how much—how sincerely I love
“you.”

“You offend me, Albert, by thinking
“I need such assurances—at present I be-
“lieve you sincere. But tell me, will
“you continue so, when surrounded by
“all the pleasures, as you soon will be,
“that the world has to bestow ? How
“many snares will then be laid for your
“heart ! and will you then remember,
“that the only happiness the unfortunate
“Amelia ever tasted, was comprized in
“the moment she thought herself mis-
“tress of it ?—Should you deceive me,

"Albert, what misery will be my portion!"

"How cruel, how unjust you are, to harbour so detestable a suspicion. Never could I enjoy a moment's peace of mind, was my conscience to accuse me of so black a crime as that of ingratitude to you. No, Countess! however I may deserve the censure of the world in other respects, it shall never be in the power of any one to call me a designing villain."

"Forgive my fears, and be assured it was not my intention to offend you."

"Then never, best beloved of women, let me again hear such mortifying insinuations. It is true, I cannot flatter like the courtiers of Nordia, but believe me, words are too poor to express Albert's love."

"How good, how kind you are, to forgive the anxious inquietude, and pardon the fears of her, whose greatest merit and pride will ever be—her unalterable attachment to you; who would willingly

"willingly sacrifice every consideration
 "for your sake—except her virtue."

Albert had never in his life been in so critical a situation; for amongst all his female acquaintances he had never found one that in the least resembled Amelia, for their flimsy pretensions to virtue were chiefly of the cobweb kind; but her's was the evident struggles of a virtuous heart combating against inclination. But the conflict that passed in his bosom was still more violent, for he thought it would be acting an ungenerous part to abuse the power he had over her, and embitter her future hours with anguish and remorse, for the sake of a momentary gratification. But to let the present favourable opportunity pass, was likewise an effort that almost exceeded his strength; and on his again pressing her to his bosom, she said, "I do not deny the power you have
 "over me, but do not, oh! do not abuse
 "it; rather be my friend, the guide and
 "support of my tottering principles. Save!
 "oh save me, Albert, from the agonizing
 "pangs of self-reproach!"

“You shall be as safe,” said Albert, “with me, as at the altar; never shall you have reason to repent the confidence you place in me; for never, by heaven I swear, had any woman the power over me which you have.”

They embraced as friends that had just reposed an unlimited confidence in each other. He offered her his arm, and they returned home: the evening was as calm and serene as their bosoms. They found Casper, who was uneasy at their long absence, waiting for them in the garden; he observed them with a watchful eye, which the Countess perceiving, mentioned to Albert. “Do not alarm yourself,” said he, “my father is goodness itself; I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you in the garden to-morrow morning.”—She inquired at what hour he wished to see her there? “Early enough,” said he, “to admire the beauty of the rising sun.”

The next morning as Casper was standing at a window with an old friend of his, a physician, who had just called at Griefshorst; he saw Albert crossing the courtyard

yard in a great hurry. "Come up stairs," said he, "I want to speak to you;" which on his doing, Casper desired his friend to feel his pulse. The doctor smiled, and shaking Albert's hand, said, "it was unnecessary to do so, for his countenance assured him he was in perfect health."—"But how does his pulse beat?" replied Casper.

"A little feverish, I think," said the doctor.

"But which I hope will not prove dangerous," observed Casper. Albert smiled, shook his father's hand, and left the room.

The reason of Albert's crossing the court in such haste, was to order his phaeton to be got ready to take a morning ride with the Countess; but he was disappointed, for when he left his father to return to the garden, where he had left her, he was met by a groom of Count de Prascha's, who informed him that his master would soon arrive. The news was a thunder stroke to Albert, who hurried into the garden to inform Amelia of the disagree-

able intelligence he had just received. She heard it with surprise, and said, "what! already." — "He will be here in an hour at farthest," replied Albert, in a disconcerted manner, "for the relays at Saffia were ordered to be ready at ten." — "I am glad, however, we have so long a respite," said the Countess, "for I have much to say to you."

Albert pressed her offered hand to his heart, and they seated themselves in the arbour. He thought Amelia had never looked so beautiful as she did that morning; her auburn hair hung in natural ringlets, a faint blush overspread her cheeks, which heightened the dazzling fairness of her complexion, and a tear trembled in her eye. Albert's countenance was expressive of the uneasiness he felt, and he was therefore but ill adapted to raise Amelia's depressed spirits, which he, however, attempted to do; but instead of succeeding, he found her melancholy sympathetic. "I know, Albert," said she, with a downcast look, "our love is folly, for never shall I be able to call you mine,"
"and

“and it is as criminal as foolish, which
 “greatly adds to the pangs I suffer. I am
 “convinced your sympathizing heart
 “shares my sorrows, and wishes to relieve
 “them; which you will have it in your
 “power to do, by the conscientious per-
 “formance of two promises that I am
 “going to claim from you.”

“Every thing you require,” said Albert,
 “most adored of women, I will willingly
 “promise.”

“And perform?” added Amelia.

“I swear by God!”

“It was a promise, not an oath I de-
 “sired. I tremble, Albert, at the idea of
 “your being perjured.”

“Require what you will, depend on
 “my performing it. I am certain you will
 “not ask impossibilities, and whatever is
 “in my power I will do it with pleasure.
 “A promise I ever held sacred, and surely
 “mine to you will not be the first I shall
 “break.”

“Well, then, attend,” said she.—

“Whenever, Albert, you find the wo-
 “man your heart prefers to me, I desire

“you not to dismiss me as one you are
“weary of.” Albert attempted to speak,
but she prevented him. “Do not inter-
“rupt me, for I have no wish to hear
“what you were going to say, for it was
“either a flattering speech or a protesta-
“tion, that I neither require nor will at-
“tend to, and which you will most likely
“not have it in your power to keep, or
“will think yourself bound, through a
“mistaken sentiment of generosity, to
“wound your own heart, that you may
“not give pain to mine. No! far be it
“from me to extort a promise that might
“occasion you regret, or prevent you in
“some future time from possessing a heart
“that may feel as sincere an attachment
“to you as mine now does, and with
“whom you may share a husband’s, a pa-
“rent’s joys; and were you for my sake to
“deprive yourself of them, you would be
“equally lost to me, for never could you
“continue to esteem her who was the
“cause of such cruel privations. No! let
“us act so as to ensure ourselves from fu-
“ture regrets. That fate has blotted my
“name

“name out of the number of the happy,
“is not in your power to alter, for I am
“convinced if it depended on you, my
“every wish would be fulfilled. But it is
“childish to regret, or desire impossibili-
“ties ; and the greatest comfort I ever ex-
“pect to enjoy will be felt, at the moment
“when, clasping me to your bosom, you
“say, Amelia, I have found the woman
“that loves me as well, and is as deserv-
“ing my affection as you are ! I resign my
“heart to her ; and although I am no
“longer your lover, accept of me as your
“friend !”

Albert had not shed a tear since his childhood, but now he could not restrain them, and mingled with her's, they fell on her bosom. “Promise, Albert,” continued Amelia.—“Yes,” replied he, “if it
“is possible for me ever to prefer another
“to you, you shall be informed of it ;
“not the most secret thought of my heart
“shall be concealed from you.”—“It is
“reality, not fiction,” said Amelia, “that
“has the power of making us happy ;
“imagination may charm for some time,
“but

“but it is reality alone that must afford us
“true content.—I hope to pass many
“agreeable hours in your society,” continued she—“hours that will bear retro-
“spection without a blush. My second
“wish is, that you will favour me with
“your confidence before you enter into
“any engagement; let me impartially
“decide whether the object of your affec-
“tion deserves the sacrifice you make her,
“for the penetrating eye of friendship
“may discover what perhaps may be con-
“cealed from that which is blinded by
“passion. Will you be guided by my
“advice, and listen to the councils of a
“disinterested friend?”

“Yes, Amelia! most incomparable of
“your sex!—I will do whatever you de-
“fire, for my heart tells me that I can
“refuse you nothing. I believe were you
“even to ask me to be a villain, I could
“not deny you; but that would be the
“only promise which would admit of a
“possibility of being broken—every other
“shall be sacredly kept.”

As

As he was speaking, Selina came running towards them with the information that the Count's carriage was driving up the hill. Amelia composed herself as well as she could, and taking hold of his arm, said, "come, for your sake we will go and meet him."

"For my sake! Amelia, I fear your husband's seeing you with me, will be but a bad recommendation."

"No," said Amelia, "for his greatest merit is, his indifference. He is too much engaged with public affairs to waste a thought on me, and I am of too little consequence to him to be an object of jealousy; therefore do not be surprised if I tell him that your attentions have contributed much towards making Grieffenhorst agreeable to me."

"Ah! you are here already, Countess, and without doubt well," said Prascha, as he stepped out of his carriage. She assured him she was perfectly so, and added, that she was under many obligations to M. de Nordenschild, for the polite attentions he had shewn her. "I am
"glad

“glad of it, heartily glad of it,” said the Count, shaking Albert’s hand. “You are much improved, Nordenschild, since I saw you last; but I hope your heart is not attached to Grieffenhorst, if it is, I shall pity you, for you must join your regiment as soon as possible, as several things have lately happened that makes your doing so absolutely necessary; and it is partly on your account, and to ask Casper’s advice on an affair of consequence, that I am come here.” As he was speaking, he saw Casper, supported by Buxar and another servant, coming down the steps to receive him. “If you wish me to enter your house,” continued he, “remain where you are, Casper, for if you come a step farther, I will return immediately. When I am as infirm as you are, I shall certainly think ceremony unnecessary when a friend comes to visit me.” He hurried to Casper, whom he embraced with the most apparent friendship, although he heartily detested him, for he knew he was the latent cause of many of his schemes and plans being frustrated.

trated. But he knew likewise the influence he had over the king, who placed the most unbounded confidence in him; it was therefore politic to be, or seem to be his friend. He was lavish in his praise of Albert, and mentioned his intentions to Casper on his account, which were such as to meet with his entire approbation. "But we must be expeditious," said he, "for the king wishes to have his regiments completed as soon as possible, and he afterwards means to select the finest men from them, to form new ones. This will be the first business I undertake at my return, Albert must therefore be at Nordia in a week at farthest."—"At that rate," said Casper, "he will be there before you, for you cannot refuse to give me a day for every year since I saw you, and that is twelve at least."

"I must leave you to-morrow, Casper," replied Prascha, "disagreeable business obliges me to do so. The sight of you has occasioned a temporary cheerfulness that is foreign to my heart, for I have
"been

"been very unsuccessful in my negotiation."

"I hope not," said Casper.

"I likewise hoped the same, but the sentimental Risa has taken it into her head that her heart alone shall direct her in the important choice of a husband; and as she will neither be guided by prudence nor policy, other methods must be taken."

Albert and Amelia looked at each other. "Poor Risa!" thought she, and Albert at that moment detested the Count. Casper, by Albert's desire, recommended Hardi to his protection, but he, with a shrug of the shoulders, said, "that although he should ever be attentive to Casper's wishes, yet he must own the present was painful to him, as he knew Hardi to be a person useless in his profession, and dangerous to society." It was much for Prascha to say; but Casper, who was ever accustomed to distrust him, did so, when for once he spoke the truth.

The day, however, passed agreeably enough, for every one thought themselves
near

near the attainment of their wishes. At dinner Prascha pointing to the sideboard, said, "I see you are still the old hospitable Casper; I am sure the king will rejoice when I tell him that you relish your glass."

"That I know he will, for he loves me. Tell him I am good for nothing now but to kill flies and drink wine, but that I have brought up Albert in such a manner as to hope and expect he will fill up my blank."

"And what shall I say to Angelina?"

"You remind me," said Casper, smiling, "of old times, Count, that I had long forgotten; they were very different from the present."

"You should have known him, Countess, at that time; I assure you he was the first favourite of the ladies."

The Countess smiled, and perhaps thought "it would have been better if you had not known him then;" for one could not well mistake Prascha's age, when he owned having been acquainted with Casper in his youth.

"He

“He will likewise fill up your blank
“with the ladies,” observed Prascha,
pointing to Albert.

“I hope when he is as old as I am, he
“will be able to recollect his youthful
“days with as much tranquillity as I do
“mine. Come, let us drink the king’s
“health, and with a trembling hand
“he pushed his glass to the Count’s.

Casper drank till a flush, resembling
that of youth, glowed on his cheeks, and
with sparkling eyes he declared, that if a
war were to break out, and his subjects
(pointing to his legs) were not so rebel-
lious, he would again mount his horse,
and repeat the same manœuvres he did at
Stefenau, when the enemy said, “that is
“either the devil or Nordenschild.” Cas-
per was now mounted on his hobby-horse,
and if a short-hand writer had been pre-
sent, he would have noted down a very
circumstantial account of the wars that
happened in the beginning of the cen-
tury. He forgot his gout, his afternoon nap,
and thought of nothing but how to amuse
his guests. As love is inventive, Albert
and

and Amelia sometimes found a moment to entertain each other. He fixed the day and the hour of his arrival at Nordia, and she named the streets he was to ride through, that he might pass her house, for she supposed he would not chuse to stop there immediately; and added with a sigh, "I should be miserable to know "you were in Nordia without having seen "you."

As neither Casper's intreaties nor persuasions had power to prevail on Prascha to lengthen his visit, his carriage was ordered to be at the door by break of day; he asked the Countess if she chose to accompany him to town, or remain at Grieffenhorst some time longer? Prudence whispered it was right to do the former, she therefore did violence to her inclination, and obeyed its dictates; and the reflection that a few days would re-unite her to a friend so dear, soothed the pangs of parting.

Albert rode with them a few leagues, and then returned to Grieffenhorst in a hurry and bustle that exceeds description.

Horses,

Horses, saddles, swords, and fire-arms, were now his only occupation, and he was impatient to quit a place where he had spent many, perhaps the only happy days of his life.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

NORDIA.

CASPER must have been blind if he had not perceived Albert's impatience to be gone, for he quarrelled with the farrier for not moving his hands quicker when he shoed his horses, and with his taylor for not having finished his uniform before it was bespoke. Casper shook his head and said, "if you were
"as well acquainted with the world as I
"am, the troubles, villainy, and cabals,
"you will have to encounter, you would
"loiter rather than hurry. Albert, if you
"wish to be happy, you must be discreet."
Thus spoke the father, who did not chuse to notice what the friend but too plainly saw. If Albert had not fixed the day of his departure with Amelia, he would certainly have quitted Grieffenhorst two days before he did, for, thanks to his impatience,
I every

every thing was ready by that time. Casper repeated his former admonitions to him, and added many friendly cautions, and much parental advice; he particularly recommended to him to cultivate Prince Hector's friendship, and to guard against Prascha's arts.

At length the day so impatiently wished for by Albert arrived. Casper gave him his blessing with an aching heart, and Berda and Selina were almost drowned in tears. He tenderly embraced them, and the reflection that time and absence would soon relieve their sorrows, tranquillized him on their account. Augusta sent to beg he would favour her with his company, if it was only for five minutes; but he assured the messenger it was absolutely impossible for him to do so, and ordered his horse to be saddled immediately. Buxar, who was to attend him, had adorned himself that morning in the most superb manner, and had combed and blackened his whiskers with the greatest nicety; for although Buxar had passed threescore, he seemed to enjoy the thought of returning to a world

world he loved. He had asked Casper to let him go, who in fact, was glad Albert had a person with him, in whose fidelity he knew he could confide, notwithstanding the loss he should himself sustain, in being deprived of so useful a servant, and so tried a friend. But affection for Albert conquered every selfish wish.

Buxar was already mounted, and holding his master's horse at the gate, while he was embracing and taking leave of his afflicted father, and weeping cousins, on the terrace. Stiri, his groom, and Rush his chasseur, had been sent on two days before, with relays of horses for him.

The first of August was the day that Albert, mounted on his beautiful Gold-fox, made his entré into Nordia: he wore his uniform, and was only attended by Buxar. On being asked by the guard at the gate, who he was, he announced himself as Lieutenant de Nordenschild. The guard, a grey-headed veteran, laid his hand on his horse, and said, "Is your honour of the same family as Casper de Nordenschild,"

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“that lived at Grieffenhofst.”—“He is
“my father,” replied Albert.

“He is living still then? I am glad to
“hear it,” said the guard; “how does he
“do?”

“I find you know him.”

“Know him! yes, that I do; he, or
“rather we, both were wounded at the
“battle of Stormberg. I attended him as
“well as I could there, and he rewarded
“me and my family in a princely manner
“for it, God bless him!”

“He is living, and well,” continued
Albert; “when I write to him I will
“mention your remembrance, which I am
“certain will give him pleasure—what is
“your name?”

“Streamer; but he will know me bet-
“ter by the name of Black Thomas.”

“Have you any children?”

“Two sons, one is in your regiment.”

“I will,” said Albert (shaking his hand)
“take notice of him—farewell comrade.”

About an hour after Albert, Rush ar-
rived, leading two fine horses: “Whose
“are they,” said the officer on duty at the
gate,

gate, "Lieutenant de Nordenschild, of Hulm's Cuirassiers," was the reply. Soon after Stiri came, leading two more; inquiry was again made who they belonged to, and the same answer received. The youth thought the officer would soon learn œconomy in our garrison, and be glad to sell his horses, and perhaps pawn his watch, as I have been forced to do many a time; but of what consequence to us are his thoughts? There rides Albert! and look, there is Prascha's house! We can now guess the reason of Amelia's giving a fête, for it was not the day on which she usually received company; but she was impatient to have the pleasure of introducing her favourite to a number of persons, as soon as he arrived: but whether she wished them to see him with her partial eyes, is what we cannot determine. Her femme de chambre had been placed at a window, for several hours, to watch his arrival. Will he keep his promise? thought Amelia; perhaps he has forgotten both that and you before now. The idea occasioned a wrinkle on her lovely brow, and made

her Italian gauze handkerchief heave higher: but she was soon relieved by her maid's bringing her work-bag, and the smile on her countenance informed her mistress of the welcome news. In the most indifferent manner she could assume, she went to the window. "Who is that?" said several persons together, who happened to be standing near it: "It is young Norden-shild," replied she, with a palpitation of the heart, that every virtuous female feels the first time she mentions her lover's name in company. Happily, every one was too much engaged to attend to her. The noise they made startled the horse of Albert; he looked up, pulled off his hat, and rode on. The transient glance they had of him, had however occasioned many a lady's heart to flutter, and the gentlemen felt they should have a formidable rival to encounter: even Amelia thought she had never seen him look so handsome, nor so animated, as when he galloped down the street. The windows were shut, but the thread of the conversation which had been broken by Albert's arrival, was not

not again joined, and every one seemed at a loss for something to say. "I shall have the honour of introducing him to you immediately," said Prascha, with a smile, and ringing the bell, ordered a servant to go to him, with his compliments, and to desire he would favour him with his company to dinner; also, to beg of him not to take the trouble of changing his dress. Albert returned his respects, and that he would wait on him immediately, which he did, as soon as Buxar had brushed the dust from his boots. Not a word was said by the company, either to censure or praise him; but every female heart told its possessor that he would conquer wherever he chose to attempt; and the men felt, with envy, how much they would lose by being compared to him. Old stories and anecdotes that had long been out of date, were the subjects of conversation, till Albert was announced. He entered the room in the most graceful manner, and with an ease, as if he had long been acquainted with the company to whom he was now introduced,

and a single glance of his annihilated the power of many an Adonis, who had before tyrannised, with unbounded sway, over the hearts of the fair.

Amelia was delighted to see the general approbation Albert met with, although she trembled when she thought on the numberless snares that would be spread for him. And indeed she had reason for her fears; for many a wife who had hitherto piqued herself on her conjugal fidelity, wished to please him; and many a simple girl learned to ogle, and made her first effort on his heart. Those that were accustomed to conquer used every artifice to gain his affections; for to have Nordenschild in their train was the wish, and would have been the glory of every female, in the gay, the dissipated Nordia.

The name of Nordenschild was again as renowned there, as it had been once before, when Casper's mighty arm relieved it from the power of a cruel enemy; but with this difference, that then the air re-founded

founded with the name, mingled with the joyful acclamations of grateful inhabitants, but now it was whispered in the dressing-rooms and bed-chambers of love-lorn female simpletons. But I hope, some time hence, to be able to present this same Nordenschild to my readers in a more advantageous light; when, perhaps, his name may serve to inspire Nordia's warriors with courage, and to fill the hearts of the enemies of his country with terror and consternation.

Every eye was attentively fixed on him the next day, when Prascha presented him at court. Some servile hearts, that beat under a glittering star, were surprised at the firm undaunted step with which he walked up to the king, whom he had never seen before. Others wondered at the ease with which he spoke; an ease that they, whose lives had been spent at court, could never acquire, for their hearts were filled with intrigues: a third admired his figure, a fourth his eyes. But Albert was perfectly

unconcerned, for nothing he saw seemed to surprise him : yet, without being able to assign a reason for it, his heart palpitated violently as he approached the king, whose own seemed to beat in unison. The questions Arno asked him he answered with as much ease, as if he had been speaking to his father. The king was pleased with the confidence which Albert placed in him, and, shaking his hand in the most affectionate manner, recommended him to Hector's friendship. The prince offered him his hand and said, " It is what I have long desired ; for although unknown, a secret impulse has attached me to you—be to me what your father was to mine, a sincere friend." The sight of the prince inspired Albert with esteem and respect, which are the basis of true friendship ; and much did he, at that moment, regret the restraint he was under, which forbade him to assure that amiable youth of his invariable attachment. Hector seemed to guess his thoughts, and again giving him his hand, that moment united, in the most indissoluble union, two worthy hearts.

Arno

Arno was afflicted at the scene, which recalled to his mind the happy days of his youth ; many of them had been spent with Casper at Grieffenhorst, and, turning to one of his ministers, he said, "With such supporters we may cease to lament the weakness of declining age." He desired Albert to come frequently to court, and then retired, with his ministers, into his cabinet.

Albert was better acquainted with the the military service, when he first entered it, than many are when they retire upon pensions, or are carried to the grave ; for he had been the pupil of Casper. He was, therefore, more useful the first month, than hundreds whose lives have been spent in martial warfare : but although conscious of his superiority, he took care not to let it be felt by his companions, which, added to his being always in cash, made him generally beloved in the corps, except by a few persons, whose envious hearts could not support the man whose merits eclipsed their own. Albert was overwhelmed with

professions of friendship by his comrades; which, however, made but little impression on him, for he soon found it was his purse, not himself, that was the object of their attentions. But a young man in his regiment, a Baron Drake, interested him the more, from being a contrast to the rest; his manners were as reserved as theirs were importunate; yet Albert perceived he was a man of sense and worth, struggling with difficulties that he wished to conceal; for the only inheritance the best of fathers had in his power to bequeath him, was an excellent education, and an uncorrupted heart. Albert at last, with much difficulty, gained his confidence, and soon after his friendship; and it was with pleasure he discovered, that Casper and Drake's father had likewise been friends: he therefore invited him to accompany him to Grieffenhorst, where their visits were frequently repeated, and Albert soon discovered that his friend had made an impression on the heart of Selina, and she on his. He had perceived their mutual attachment almost before they knew it themselves,

selves, and likewise the violence Drake did to himself in endeavouring to conquer his passion. Albert, with much difficulty, extorted a confession from him, which, as soon as he gained, he communicated to his father, who, although he in general objected to young officers forming matrimonial engagements, conceived, that in giving his niece to a young man, the son of his friend, who was rich in every thing except the gifts of fortune (but without which it was almost impossible for him to attain that situation in life his worth deserved) was a sufficient exception to the rule. He therefore, with pleasure, gave him the hand of his beloved Selina; and at the same time put him in possession of a sum sufficient to extricate him out of his present difficulties, and to promote his future advancement. Drake's every wish was now fulfilled, and his gratitude to his benefactor and friend were unbounded. Casper had likewise attempted to be a friend to Hardi, for soon after Albert first left Grieffenhorst, he had consented to his marriage with Berda, and had given him

the same sum which he had bestowed on Drake; but his extravagance had occasioned him the greatest vexation; for at Nemse, where he was now quartered, (having changed his regiment) he, through gaming, and dissipation of every kind, had entirely spent his wife's fortune, and had made several clamorous demands for more. "I hope," said Casper to Drake one day, "you will act with more prudence than "Hardi, you shall then have unasked, "that which his insolence shall never ex- "tort from me." It was agreed on, that Selina should remain with her uncle, and our two young heroes returned to Nordia, and pursued their career with honour.

I hope my readers will not suppose the occurrences I have just related happened within the space of a few months: No! I own that I have leaped over four years, the events of which were so common-place, as not to deserve relating. Besides, Barenau had enjoyed the blessings of uninterrupted peace for several years; and what is the

the history of a soldier in time of peace ? And although Albert appeared in the closest connection with the ministry, he was by no means initiated into the secrets and private cabals of the cabinet, except what immediately related to prince Hector, who was too sincerely his friend not to place in him an unbounded confidence. He partook of all the amusements the town offered, but avoided excess of every kind, and often when surrounded by the most alluring scenes of pleasure so attracting at his age, did he feel a satiety bordering on disgust ; then would he return to his solitary apartment, and there prefer the society of his own reflections to the noise and dissipation of a giddy crowd. Albert possessed the happy talent of being serious, without appearing discontented, and cheerful, without being noisy and troublesome : a conduct so different from that pursued by the generality of mankind, soon gained the notice of the discerning few, who had before confounded him in the common class of beings : they now perceived he had
more

more merit than that of being a handsome and accomplished young man, and they thought they saw in him a future hero, whose assistance their country would, according to all appearance, soon require. For Barenau's enemies, notwithstanding their pacific declarations, were only waiting for an opportunity of revenging themselves on their former conqueror, and shaking off an alliance they detested.

Count de Prascha's plan for Albert's advancement had proved useless; for before he had served two years, prince Hector had desired his father to let him have him for his adjutant, to which he willingly consented; his further advancement therefore to the rank of major was not difficult, and was attained before he had completed his fifth year in the service. Albert received double pleasure from his promotion, as he was again placed in his former regiment, Landgrave Hulm, which he had quitted with regret, as he had left in it many friends. They received their new commander with pleasure, and even those he had superseded, owned he deserved the

the rank he held, and did not murmur. He perceived the favourable opinion they entertained of him, and was determined, with the assistance of his brother officers, to endeavour making his regiment one of the best disciplined in the service; and he had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success, for those under his command both loved and respected him.

Although the duties of his present situation prevented his attending the court as frequently as he had formerly done, when he used to be almost, literally speaking, Hector's shadow. Yet he seemed to gain ground there. He was, likewise, the welcome guest in every society, and his appearance in a drawing-room, always diffused a smile of gladness on every countenance, as his absence did the frown of discontent.

It seems almost needless, after all the advantages we have enumerated, to say, that Albert had many enemies—rewarded merit is never without them. And what sort of a court must that of Nordia have been, if the rank weed of envy had not taken

taken root in it. At first the courtiers took but little notice of him, thinking he would be the toy of the hour, as many had been before him: but when they found he really began to be of consequence, that his advice was asked in weighty matters, and that when he had a favour to request, he addressed himself to the monarch without their interference, their fears suggested to them, that he might prove dangerous, and they determined to watch his every word and motion, not doubting but that they should some time or other find him off his guard, and have an opportunity of precipitating him from the height to which he had risen.

Albert's attachment to the Countess de Prascha continued unabated; not that I will pretend to say, he had never amused himself with other ladies; for his name was frequently mentioned with that of a Countess Teresa, an Italian lady of great family; and with several others. But Amelia still possessed his undivided heart, and how did he use to felicitate himself, when he could steal an hour from the etiquette
of

of the court, and pass it in her loved society. How often would she fix her eyes on his, and remind him of his promise.

"No, dear Amelia," would he say, "the most rapturous hour spent with another, will not bear comparing to the pleasure a moment of your company gives me."

Amelia's charms were beginning to fade; for disappointments and regrets, like those she had for years endured, soon dims the lustre of the brightest eye. But that had not power to weaken Albert's love; for it was her mind, more than her beauteous form, that fettered his heart: the latter might perhaps be deprived of the youthful charms that fascinated his eye at Griefsenhorst, but neither time, nor sorrow, had power to alter a well-regulated mind, and refined understanding.

Amelia had suffered much on Albert's account; for since he was become of consequence enough to Prascha, and his party, to be thought dangerous, he had endeavoured to discover, through his wife, what his intentions were; and hoped, likewise, through her means, to find out
Hector's

Hector's, who was equally obnoxious to them. Had she chosen it, it was in her power to have satisfied him; for Albert's confidence in her was so great, that he had intrusted her with many secrets of consequence: but rather would she have swallowed a dose of poison, than deceived him. Prascha swore, with promises of the most inviolably secrecy, that if she would only endeavour to gain him information of one or two things, that was of consequence for him to know, he would immediately consent to what he knew had long been the first wish of her heart, a divorce!—What a temptation! the greatest, surely, that could be offered her; to have it in her power to call Albert her's.—Yet she nobly rejected it! and preferred an approving conscience to every other good. For never, with her feelings, could she have enjoyed a moment's repose, not even in the arms of the man she adored, with the reflection, that she had abused a confidence that was placed in her, or disclosed an entrusted secret; even should it remain unknown to
Albert,

Albert, and the whole world, her mind would never have ceased upbraiding her with treachery and deceit. When Prascha found that persuasion had no effect on her, he endeavoured to terrify her to his purpose; but menaces were as fruitless as intreaties, for she scorned to promise, even to him she hated, what she did not intend to perform.

Albert, by some means, heard of the persecution she suffered on his account, and swore he would revenge himself on her tyrant—he, in the most violent rage, loaded his pistols, and wrote a challenge; but at the moment he was about to send it, he reflected, that by so doing he should give pain to Amelia: he, therefore, altered his intention, and determined to think of some other method of punishing him; more slow, but likewise more certain.—Prascha seemed to guess his designs, and, therefore, loaded him with civilities, and his wife with attentions: but Albert was not misled by his deceit, and his intentions remained irrevocably fixed.

CHAPTER III.

RISA.

THE death of the Landgrave of Hulm, that happened about this time, afforded sufficient occupation to Arno's thoughts. He repented having agreed to the female succession of that house, for had he not done so, it would have fallen to the crown of Barenau. But how could he foresee what was to happen, for at the time the stipulation was made, Hulm had as much reason to expect the crown of Barenau as Arno. The past, however, could not be recalled, and Risa was, and remained the rightful and acknowledged heiress of Hulm; it was therefore his interest to unite the two countries by marrying her to Hector; and although the first negotiation for that purpose had failed, he did not despair but that in time he should be able to prevail on her to act agreeably

agreeably to his wishes ; he therefore invited her to spend the few months that remained of her minority at his court. Long did Risa resist an invitation by no means agreeable to her, but as he was her guardian, she was afraid to offend him by repeated refusals, and therefore was obliged to give a reluctant consent.

Hector and his friend were absent when she arrived ; perhaps designedly so. Arno received her with the most affectionate tenderness, and, by her particular desire, without the ceremony usual on such occasions. The next day she was presented to the nobility at court, when her beauty and engaging manners charmed every one who saw her. The prince and Albert were the last that entered, they had been engaged in a very interesting discourse that had occupied their thoughts, till they arrived at the door of the drawing-room. Albert had either not thought of the princess at all, or if he did, it was with the indifference such elevated persons are usually thought of. On their entering, Risa was the first object that presented itself to his sight, and

and the first glance of her had an effect on his heart that words can but faintly express, and which would be presumptive in me to attempt describing. It was the moment that decided his fate. Rifa's eye met his, and it seemed to express an equal sensation: it was not the look of a princess born to command, that seemed to say, "who are you?" but it was the look of a sympathizing, a feeling heart, that felt no superiority from the elevated station chance had placed her in. The casual meeting of their eyes was heaven to Albert, who had stood for a moment like an inanimate statue, without either sense or motion; it recalled his scattered thoughts, he forgot the insuperable bar fate had placed between them, and every painful idea vanished like April snow at the approach of a summer's sun. "You are acquainted with Hector," said Arno to Rifa; "this is Major de Nordenschild, his friend."—"It is a name I have frequently heard mentioned," replied Rifa, "and I think," with a sigh, "I remember the uniform."

“Hulm cuirassiers—but which I now have the honour of presenting to you—for the future it shall be called after you; Rifa! I hear, Major, your Colonel is ill, I therefore desire you will give orders for that purpose.”

“I feel, and am grateful,” replied Rifa, surprized, “for the honour your Majesty does me. But will it not be disagreeable to your officers to serve in a regiment that bears a female name?”

“Do not make yourself uneasy on that account, for my friends are proud to be slaves to the fair in peaceful times; and I will answer for their courage when it is necessary.”

One may easily guess Albert's thoughts, for not the first time that he put on his uniform did he contemplate himself with so much pride and pleasure as he did at that moment. “I have the honour,” said he, placing himself before the Landgrave, “of expecting your highness's commands.”—“Immediately,” replied Rifa, “but first let me return my acknowledgments here.” She attempted to
kiss

kiss the king's hand as she spoke, but he prevented it, and embraced her. "And now, if I am to command warriors," said she, turning to Albert——

"But you must speak with an air of authority," said Arno.

"I wish, then, to see my regiment to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

Albert held his pocket book as if he expected a number of orders, and said, "with, or without their field equipage?"—"Your Majesty sees," said Risa, "how the Major makes me feel my ignorance."

"Say, in the same order as when they are reviewed."

"As for a review——"

"Where does your Highness chuse to see them?"

"From my window."

"Will your Majesty," said Albert, "be pleased to order one side of St. Veit's street, and the parish church, to be pulled down to-day?"

"I perceive the impropriety of my orders; I therefore desire, Major, you

will

“will assemble them where you think
 “proper, and inform me of it. But for
 “the future, I beg you will not ask me
 “such ensnaring questions, or I shall be
 “forced to teach you subordination.”

Albert received a smile of approbation from the King, whose wish it was always to see Risa cheerful and happy; whoever therefore contributed towards giving her pleasure, was sure of being well received. She was naturally of a lively disposition, and to keep her perpetually amused, was thought to be the most certain method of gaining her heart.

There was a ball in the evening, but it was late before Albert went. “Why did
 “you deprive yourself of the pleasure of
 “dancing so long?” said Risa to him when she met him.—“The business that
 “prevented me, likewise afforded me pleasure,” replied Albert, “for it was your
 “Highness’s.”

“I thank you for your attentions, Major,” offering him her hand; “and shall
 “I really have the pleasure of seeing my
 “countrymen to-morrow?” The regi-

ment was chiefly composed of natives of Hulm.

“Your Highness commanded it; and
“to obey your orders will ever be our
“wish as well as duty. The whole regi-
“ment is impatient to be honoured with
“a fight of their new chief—and,” in a
half whisper, “such a chief!”

“I am sorry to have reason to suspect
“you of being a flatterer, Major de Nor-
“denshild. But let us change the sub-
“ject. I am vexed I did not order my
“horse to be brought with me, for if I
“had, as I belong to the cavalry, I should
“certainly have made my appearance on
“horseback.”

They were in the morning surrounded by company, which obliged Albert to leave the Princess, but they frequently met in the course of the evening; whether it happened by chance, or whether they sought opportunities of doing so, is not in my power to determine.

Risa was pleased with Amelia's conversation: no wonder, for Albert was the subject of their discourse. The Princess

asked her a number of questions concerning him, which she answered with a generosity of sentiment almost unequalled, for she represented in the most advantageous manner the man she loved to her, who, her heart told her, would soon rival her in his affections. The time she had so long dreaded, she saw was now near, but she detested the thought of averting the threatened evil by being guilty of a meanness she despised; she therefore did violence to her own feelings, and justice to Albert's merit. Risa, whose penetration surpassed her years, perceived the conflict that passed in her bosom, and saw that the Countess, and many more, laid claim to Albert's heart; the thought affected her, and she abruptly quitted her, and mixed with the giddy crowd to conceal a rising sigh. "Albert!" said Amelia, as he led her to her carriage; "I shall soon remind you of your promise." He pressed her hand, and they separated; he returned to the ball-room, and she home to pass a cruel night.

The next morning Albert ordered the regiment to assemble on a plain about a league from Nordia, their usual place of exercise. He preferred that spot, notwithstanding its distance, on account of the beauty of its situation, it being bordered by an oak wood, the russet hue of which contrasted the freshness of the verdure. Here Albert and Colonel Rattland (who although in a very indifferent state of health, was determined to present his regiment to the Landgravine himself) waited for her arrival. Albert felt a little impatient at her delay, and rode on a few paces to look if she was coming; he had soon the satisfaction of seeing the accoutrements of Arno's set of cream-coloured horses glittering in the sun. Every heart beat with impatience, and every eye sparkled with pleasure at the approach of their new chief. At last she came, accompanied by Arno, who sat in the carriage with her; Hector and a number of gentlemen followed them on horseback. The sight of her countrymen gave Risa the sincerest pleasure, and when she saluted

luted them, a tear of joy rolled down her cheek, which was returned by a glow of satisfaction appearing on each sun-burnt countenance. The King called the officers to the carriage, and presented them respectively to her; she received them with her usual grace and ease, and turning to the King, said, "I know and feel the value of the gift your Majesty has been pleased to make me, and my gratitude will ever be renewed by the sight of my dear countrymen; and," addressing the officers, "I beg, gentlemen, you will assure yourselves, and in my name, the whole corps, that I shall ever look on that occasion as favourable to my wishes, which affords me an opportunity of shewing my affection to you by deeds, as I now do by words." She kindly reproached Colonel Rattland for venturing out on her account, and desired the King to offer him a place in the carriage, which he, flattered by her attentions, accepted of with pleasure, and the other officers returned to their posts.

Albert led the regiment off, who as they passed, saluted her with every military honour, accompanied with martial music. He then resigned his command to the second major, for he had promised to ride back with the Prince. "This," said the King to Risa, "is the plain where the late Landgrave, your father, bled for mine. The battle was decisive, and great were the obligations our house is under to him." — "Under that old oak near the ditch," said Rattland, pointing, "his wounds were dressed, whilst our troops were firing and shouting victory." The King pressing Risa's hand, continued, "how happy should I be to have the power of repaying to his family my debt of gratitude!" Risa was extremely agitated. The Prince was on one side of the carriage, Albert on the other; both were attentive, for the fate of their lives seemed to depend on the present moment. Hope predominated on Hector's features; fear on Albert's, who seemed to expect the immediate annihilation of his aspiring wishes. Risa looked up,

up, her eye met his, and it seemed to say,
 "it is for your sake I refuse an offered
 "crown." That look saved him for ever,
 and obliterated Amelia from his heart.
 Risa with a sigh kissed Arno's hand, and
 pressed it to her heart, and at that moment
 the carriage drove on. Hector and Albert
 bowed and left them, and returned to
 town a different way. After riding some
 time, "Nordenschild!" said Hector,
 "what an angelic woman Risa is, if she
 "had not so often refused me, I believe
 "on my soul I should sacrifice every con-
 "sideration to the hope of gaining her af-
 "fection; but she is really so amiable,
 "that I cannot bear to see her distressed
 "on my account, I shall therefore to-
 "morrow do for her sake, what I have hi-
 "therto intended doing for my own, de-
 "clare to my father, that I will not marry
 "her. And I beg of you to do me the
 "favour of informing her of my determi-
 "nation, for it might offend her, was she
 "to hear of my refusal, without being
 "prepared for it. Assure her of the re-
 "spect and esteem I feel for her, and beg

G 4

"of

“ of her to honour me with her friend-
“ ship, which I dare not hope for, as long
“ as she thinks I aspire to her love. It is
“ not necessary to acquaint her with my
“ reasons, let them still remain a secret.
“ May I depend on your executing the
“ commission, Nordenshild ?”—“ If your
“ Highness desires it,” replied Albert, “ I
“ certainly will. I honour your steadfast-
“ ness, and revere your intentions—but
“ ———”—“ I know what you are going
“ to say, you think my resolution will
“ meet with much opposition at court—
“ be it so—for sooner shall the sun be
“ changed to darkness, than I alter my
“ fixed design. Besides, it is high time
“ for me to put my intended plan into
“ execution, for it is impossible to tell
“ how persuasion and gratitude may work
“ on a mind like Risa’s ; and should she
“ consent to my father’s wishes, and I af-
“ terwards reject her offered hand, it will
“ make matters much worse than they are
“ at present. At all events I shall be no
“ great loser by his anger, for notwith-
“ standing his apparent kindness, I know
“ he

" he suspects me ; because his despicable
 " favourites, who fear me, have repre-
 " sented me to him in so heterogeneous a
 " manner, a manner so unlike myself, that
 " whoever is in the least acquainted with
 " my way of thinking, must know I do
 " not deserve the picture they have drawn
 " of me ; but malice and fear will leave
 " no effort untried to gain their ends—I
 " depend on your going to the Landgra-
 " vine to-morrow morning, Nordenschild."
 They spurred their horses and arrived at
 Nordia before the King and the regiment.
 Hector did not appear at court the whole
 day, for he had many affairs to settle rela-
 tive to the plan he intended putting in
 execution on the morrow. Albert like-
 wise absented himself, under pretence of
 superintending the entertainment the
 Landgravine had ordered for her regi-
 ment. He appeared in the evening and
 gave her an account of it, but took leave
 again almost immediately. On her inquiring
 the reason of his doing so, he replied,
 " that his presence was necessary to keep
 " order and discipline among his people."

A monotony now reigned at court that made it insupportable to Rifa, for the inventive creator of amusements had left it; play and scandal were therefore the only resources left, and she soon, wearied of both, retired early to her apartment.

Rifa was sitting at breakfast the next morning with Sophia de Stenberg, her maid of honour, who was reading to her, when a page entered and announced "Major de Nordenfchild."—"Desire him to walk in," said she, and rising, went towards the door to meet him; she was struck with the gloom that appeared on his countenance. "Why so serious this morning, Major?" cried she, "I hope nothing disagreeable has happened in my regiment?"

"Nothing! on the contrary, every heart is still replete with the pleasure you communicated to them yesterday. But my present business with your Highness is to deliver a message from Prince Hector."

Rifa made a sign to Sophia to leave the room. "I am surprized he troubled you
" with

"with it—yet perhaps he could not have fixed on a more proper person."

"If I do not deceive myself, the purport of my commission will afford your Highness pleasure."

"It appears impossible that any thing the Prince can have to say, should produce that effect."

"Your Highness is still unacquainted with Hector's worth; but I make no doubt of your soon altering your opinion of him."

"Your prelude promises much; I wonder if the subject is deserving of it—your message, Major!"

"Is, that at the moment I am speaking to your Highness, the Prince is declaring to his father that he never can have the honour of being the Princess Rifa's husband."

"Have I," said Rifa, surprized, "rightly understood you, Sir!"

"Shall I repeat it again to your Highness?"

“No! no! but the Prince—this surprising change—what can have occasioned it?”

“Hector’s heart is much too noble to coalesce with the intrigues of a court; the importunities you suffered on his account, gave him pain, and when he left you yesterday morning, his determination was fixed. ‘Go, said he, to the Landgravine, and assure her that I will endeavour to deserve her friendship, by putting an end to the disagreeable solicitations she suffers on my account, and which I should be undeserving of, were I to permit her to be exposed to them any longer; to-morrow morning I shall inform my father of my resolution.’”

“And do you really think he will say so to the King?”

“He has said it already,” answered Albert, looking at his watch, “and his determinations are unalterable.”

“But I fear,” said Rifa, “by doing so, he will incur the King’s anger.”

“It

"It is the displeasure of a father, more
 "than the wrath of a king, that Hector
 "fears; but he is willing to support both
 "to insure Rifa's happiness."

"Rifa's happiness! my happiness! did
 "Hector really say so?"

"Literally so! and the idea that by
 "taking the whole blame on himself, he
 "exculpates your Highness, will enable
 "him to bear the King's anger without
 "repining."

"The good, the amiable Hector—oh!
 "had I but the power to sacrifice inclina-
 "tion to ambition, I would not be out-
 "done in generosity, but would at this
 "moment beg his acceptance of my of-
 "fered hand.—You are his, and I flat-
 "ter myself also my friend, Major, there-
 "fore tell me, has Hector no other reasons
 "for acting thus than those you men-
 "tion?"

"Your Highness, I am certain, will for-
 "give me for evading your question,
 "when you reflect that Prince Hector is
 "my friend—my future sovereign, and
 "that I am a man of honour."

"Can

“Can you, Sir,” replied Rifa, confusedly, “pardon the imprudent curiosity of a female, who cannot excuse herself?”

“It is I,” said Albert, kissing her hand, “that must beg forgiveness, for my want of complacency; I fear I shall never acquire the polish of courts.”

“You have said nothing that requires pardon. We easily forgive the man that is guilty of little deceits to our sex, but no motive, either of interest or inclination, can, in my opinion, excuse him that violates the duties of honour or friendship. For my own part, I should despise him that was capable of doing either, although assured that love for myself was the cause of it.”

“There spoke the great Theffalo’s daughter! Will your Highness be pleased to honour me with your commands to the Prince?”

“Assure him of my gratitude, my friendship, and esteem.” She took a ring

ring from her finger that contained the portrait of her father, kissed it, and presented it to Albert with these words: "To you, Sir, I have many obligations for being the messenger of such welcome news; and as a proof of my friendship, I beg you will accept of this ring, which I own is very dear to me."

"Thessalo's picture!" said Albert, looking at the ring with surprise, "Landgrave Thessalo! how many hours of my life have already been spent in contemplating these features! what an impression did they make on my youthful mind! for my attention used to be alternately fixed on the portrait of Thessalo and that of Charles the Twelfth, which hung beside it, in my father's gallery at Grieffenhorst. Have I your Highness's permission to wear it?"

"If you wish it, I will do more than permit, I will command you to do so; for I feel that I am Landgravine of Hulm, not a slave to the customs of Barenau."

"I be-

“ I believe it would be difficult to forge
 “ a chain to fetter a heart like your’s.”

As he was speaking the clock struck, and
 he looked at his watch ; “ Are you going
 “ already ?” said Rifa.

“ Duty calls me ; besides, I have busi-
 “ ness which obliges me to go to court
 “ this morning.”

“ What pleasant faces you will see
 “ there !”

“ They are indifferent to me—I am
 “ satisfied with having seen a smiling one
 “ here.”

“ Which it is in your power to behold
 “ as often as you please. As your chief, I
 “ know I might command your attendance,
 “ however, I will not exert my power,
 “ but content myself with assuring you,
 “ that the sight of you will always give
 “ me pleasure.”

“ I cannot, dare not,” said Albert,
 bowing confusedly, “ answer your High-
 “ ness.”

“ I am glad of it, for by your manner
 “ of bowing I am sure it would have been
 “ in a courtly strain, which I detest.—

“ Shall

" Shall I see you in the assembly-room this evening?"

" I fear I shall not be able to have that honour; for as soon as the parade is over, I have promised to go with the Prince to Stirsa—but," going towards the door, " I leave my heart in Nordia."

" With the Countess de Prascha!"

" She is the best of women, and deservedly possesses my warmest friendship, which nothing will ever have power to obliterate or lessen—but my heart—"and pressing Rifa's hand, he abruptly left the room, without finishing his sentence.

" Sophia! my dear Sophia!" said Rifa to her, as she entered the room, " never did I see the man that would bear comparing to Major de Nordenschild—poor unfortunate girl! what would I give at this moment to know you were happy enough to feel, and partake of the pleasure that fills my heart!" Sophia embraced her friend, and said, " My dearest Rifa, I am persuaded of the warmth of your affection, but," replied she, " let me kiss away your tears, which I
" know

“know are those of joy for my happiness”—
“My heart remains at Nordia,” said he,
“and his look, the pressure of his hand
“said, with you, Risa. With what pleasure would I abandon a throne to possess
“it! how greatly should I be a gainer by
“the exchange!”—and going towards her toilette, she continued, “take away these
“pearls, these jewels, Sophia—hide them
“from my sight—never more do I mean
“to wear them—Albert’s love is all I wish
“to be mistress of, and the reflection of
“his virtues the only ornament I desire.”

She kept her word, and appeared at court that evening in a plain grey lustring dress; a riband across her hair supplied the place of diamonds; yet never did she appear so interestingly lovely as in this simple apparel—her elevated rank was forgotten—the Landgravine concealed—and nothing but the engaging female appeared, who more irresistibly attracted each heart, as she seemed more on a level with them.

Hector’s declaration had put the King into a most violent passion—he bore it unmoved,

moved, and thought, "whatever is violent is seldom lasting." But he deceived himself; for the ministers, who, on account of his refusal, were obliged to alter several plans they had formed, were determined he should feel the effects of their resentment; for the trouble he had occasioned them; a snare was therefore laid for him, in which they thought he must invariably fall.

The plan for uniting the two houses was too advantageous to be relinquished, for which reason it was determined, that Rifa should marry a Prince Maximilian, who was nearly related to the house of Barenau; he was then on his travels, and the projected alliance was to be kept a profound secret till his return.

Rifa was received by Arno and his courtiers with their usual smile of affection; indeed, no change of behaviour was visible to any one, and the Proteus faces of the latter, ably concealed the rancour that filled their hearts. Hector was now become a suspected person, and his every motion was strictly watched; but he did

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not

not seem conscious of it, for he never appeared in better spirits, for he laughed and flirted with Risa, and every lady who came in his way.

Albert's prudent and equitable behaviour daily increased the number of his friends, and his interest in Risa's heart.

On the approach of summer, the greater part of the nobility retired to their country seats. The King himself was but seldom in town, and as the hunting-seat he inhabited was not large enough to contain Risa and her retinue, he desired her to occupy the summer palace of the late Duke of Niederheim, which was situated in a beautiful valley near the eastern gate of the town. The solitariness of its situation was equally well adapted for the contemplations of a philosopher, or the melancholy musings of a love-sick maid. Here, therefore, Risa, freed from the restraints of the court, and leaning on the arm of her friend, wandered about, and indulged herself in the pleasing reflections on the future. The bar that fate seemed to have placed between a Major and a reigning

reigning Princess, appeared less here than in Arno's drawing-room, for which reason she preferred the cypress walk and mossy seat to his velvet cushions and illuminated halls.

Albert often rode that way ; perhaps another road would have been nearer to the plain where his regiment exercised, but he preferred this, because it had more charms for him. Sometimes he would alight to pay a short visit to the Landgravine, but when he did so, his manners always expressed a kind of fear that he should expose her to the censures of the world. Risa saw, and admired the delicacy of his conduct, and regretted the painful necessity that obliged him to do violence to his inclinations ; nor was he ignorant of the interest he had in her heart, her tell-tale eyes had long betrayed her to him ; but modesty on one side, and respect on the other, would most probably have confined the secret to their own bosoms some time longer, if an accident, almost a fatal one, had not happened, which threw them off their guard.

One

One evening, as she was taking a solitary walk in the garden, the lateness of the hour having deprived her of the hope of seeing Albert, her mind was suddenly clouded by uneasiness, that she could not account for. The wind scattered the blossoms of the trees; thus, thought she, may end my hopes. Her reflections were, however, soon disturbed by the distant sound of a horse's feet, which, as it approached, she knew, by its neighing, to be Albert's Dane, a young horse he had bought the week before. The sound dissipated every gloomy idea, and, swift as an arrow, she flew to a terrace, where a summer-house stood, having a window that looked towards the road. Her heart had not deceived her, for it was Albert, and without any attendant; for he preferred riding alone, and particularly this way. As soon as he saw Risa, he approached the window, she gave him her hand, which he held as uninterruptedly as his Dane would permit him. Risa thought she had never seen him in better spirits, than that evening: he told her the news of the day, with a vivacity that often made her smile:

smile: among the rest, that the king had given the command of a regiment to the Duke de Palfi, who had received the congratulations of the officers in the most officious manner, and had embraced several of them. "That is a ceremony your Highness owes us," said he. Risa struck at him with her pocket handkerchief, which she happened to have in her hand—the horse took fright at it, and reared: at any other time his doing so would have been of no consequence, for Albert was a skilful rider; but now his thoughts were otherwise engaged, and he imprudently pulled the reins too tight, which, irritating the animal, he capered, and reared again, and attempted to leap a wide ditch on the other side of the road—the road was slippery, owing to a shower of rain that had lately fallen; and the horse, on finding himself restrained, became more unmanageable, and repeated his efforts to leap the ditch, when all at once, his hind legs slipped, and he fell backwards with Albert. What a fight for Risa—she concluded him dead! and a loud shriek, and a leap from the window, were the

the immediate consequences of her terror. She was with him in a moment, and it was well she was, or in all probability the next would have been his last. She found him lying senseless, with his head against the trunk of a tree, entangled in the reins, which she had sufficient presence of mind to cut; and, what appears almost incredible, to drag Albert to some distance. No sooner did the horse feel himself at liberty, than he recovered his legs, and galloped away. After some moments, Albert opened his eyes; death was the idea that he had closed them with, and he now found himself in Risa's arms, who was wiping the blood from his face, with her gown. Perhaps death and eternal bliss are as closely connected. But it was not the blooming Risa he had seen a few moments before; a death-like paleness overspread her countenance, her hair hung dishevelled about her face and neck, and her eyes were rivetted on his, seeming to watch the first motion of returning life. Albert, on seeing the agony so strongly marked on her countenance, attempted to raise himself,

and

and taking her hand. "Heaven be praised," said she, (and the tears trickled down her cheeks as she spoke) "that you are alive; I have, likewise, suffered the agonies of death, and never, never should I have enjoyed a moment's repose, if——Oh God! it was too dreadful." Albert's forehead and hand, which were scratched by a buckle of the saddle as he fell, continued to bleed—Risa, with a trembling hand, pressed her handkerchief to his wounds, and incessantly asked him if he felt any pain. "I feel nothing, upon my honour, but pleasure, at present," replied he, "and gratitude, for the kind attentions of the noble-minded Risa. But I must have lain here a long time, for we are at a distance from your house, or which way did your Highness come? Risa pointed to the window; that, and the wall still retained the marks of her courage; for the greatest part of her head dress, and several pieces of the trimmings of her gown hung on them. Albert was amazed; it is true the window was not high, but in the agitation she was in, how easily might her

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clothes have caught, and occasioned a fall more dangerous than his. He intreated her to return home immediately, and take some cordial, to prevent her fright being attended with any bad effects. As he was speaking, Sophia came running towards them, and some servants that had caught the horse. "I am glad you are come, my dear Miss de Stenberg," said Albert, "permit me to recommend the Landgrave to your care; she has been very much frightened; do persuade her to take something."

"But," said Rifa, "you will go home with me, to recover yourself."

"I will only ride my horse to town, and will then have the honour of waiting on your Highness, to assure myself that your health has not suffered by your kind inquietude on my account. I must make my horse feel that I am his master, or I shall not have it in my power to manage him another time."

"You are, answered Rifa, an unmanageable creature yourself."

"Only

“ Only in such cases where it would be wrong to give way.”

He again recommended Rifa to Sophia's care, and, mounting his horse, walked with them till they came to the gate, where he took his leave; but before he did so, he felt it would be impossible for him to return, and doubted much if he should be able to reach his lodging, for he had received an inward bruise, which seemed to threaten dangerous consequences. He, however, with much difficulty, got to his apartment; but scarcely had he thrown himself on the bed, when he was seized with a violent vomiting of blood. Doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries were immediately sent for, who prescribed the usual remedies on such occasions, and particularly desired he would lie as quiet as possible, and not speak. But their prescriptions were vain; it was impossible for him to enjoy either rest or quiet, when he knew Rifa would be in agonies on account of his not returning. Buxar was, therefore, called to his bed-side, and ordered to go to Sophia, and acquaint her with his illness,

with the utmost precaution; but by no means to let the Landgravine see him. After he had dismissed Buxar, he endeavoured to compose himself, and, weakened as he was by the loss of blood, he soon fell into a quiet slumber.

Rifa recovered sooner than Albert expected she would; for her nerves were not of so delicate a texture as those of many other ladies, who can faint on every occasion.

But when her first fright was over, the dreadful scene again presented itself to her imagination, with every aggravated circumstance. "Oh Sophia!" said she, (and the tears fell on her friend's bosom as she spoke) "what a terrible moment would this have been, if he had indeed been killed; I do not think I should have survived his death, or if I had, the thought of being his murderers, would have haunted me incessantly, and have prevented my enjoying a moment's repose. I wonder he does not come! Tell me, Sophia, when he does; how can I reward him for the sufferings I have occasioned"

“oned him !” Sophia was silent. “ I understand your looks,” continued the Landgravine, “ they resemble those which have so often roused me from pleasing dreams ; disuse yourself from them, for you know they have no effect on me.— I know, as well as you can tell me, that a reigning princess and a feeling heart, ought not to be united ; but as they have both, perhaps, unfortunately fallen to my lot, how can I help it ?—But where can he stay so long ?” Sophia assured her it was impossible for him to return so soon, as most likely he would change his dress, and come back on foot. Sophia’s assurances tranquillised Risa a little ; but at the sound of each footstep she ran to the window, and her disappointed expectations always renewed her impatience. The approach of night increased Risa’s fears ; and even the time that Sophia had calculated for his return, was expired. “ He is sick, or perhaps dead,” said the Landgravine, wringing her hands, “ or I am certain he would have been here before now. I will send this moment (ringing the bell)

“to inquire after him; for I cannot—I cannot support the suspense I endure.” Sophia, with much difficulty, persuaded her to wait a little longer; for she wished to prevent a step being taken that would have so indecorous an appearance to the world. At last they heard the sound of a hasty footstep on the pavement under the window. Risa immediately opened it, and with a faint voice exclaimed, “My God! it is Buxar!”—Her agitation was so great, that Sophia had some trouble to lead her to the couch, which as soon as she had done, she endeavoured to gain the anti-chamber, to hear what Buxar had to say; but Risa was at the door as soon as herself.

Buxar’s face was so covered with scars, that it was difficult to tell if he laughed or cried; but Risa, who had often seen him, and knew his attachment to his master, thought his distorted features expressed a look of content. “I like your countenance,” said she, “and hope the news you bring is good.”

“My master,” said Buxar, “presents his duty to your Highness, and desires to know how you do.”

“You.

"You see I am well—but what else?"

"And he begs your pardon for not being able to wait on you."

"He is ill then!"

"Not worth while calling so—he has got the head-ache, and a little pain in his back—the fall has shaken him, that is all; but—but, he would have come to your Highness for all that, if he had not such an ugly gash in his face; that is the worst—they have laid a plaster on it."

"Who ordered it?"

"The doctors," said Buxar.

"The doctors", exclaimed Risa, alarmed, "I am sure something extraordinary is the matter with him, he never would have sent for a physician, for so trifling a wound; a surgeon would have been sufficient to have dressed it—he is ill, very ill—do, Buxar, tell me the truth." Buxar was silent—Risa paused for a moment, and then continued: "Sophia, order a bottle of wine to be brought for him."

H 4

"I thank

“ I thank your Highness, am very much
“ obliged to you, but—but I never drink
“ wine so late.”

“ Now I have found you out, for you
“ would not refuse to stay and drink wine
“ (I know your attachment) if your master
“ was not very ill—but I will soon discover
“ the truth.”

“ Rather than your Highness shall think
“ so, I will stay and drink all night.”

Rifa rang, and a servant entered with the wine Sophia had ordered for Buxar. “ Saddle
“ a horse this moment,” said she, “ and ride
“ to town, and inquire how Major de
“ Norden shield does.”—“ Do,” said Sophia,
“ let me speak to Buxar; I know
“ he will tell me the truth. I beg your
“ Highness will not send to town to-night.”
“ —Go this moment,” said Rifa to the servant,
without attending to Sophia, “ and
“ inquire of the people where he lodges;
“ remember, you are neither to ask him,
“ nor his servants, for they will not tell
“ you the truth. I expect you to be back
“ before Buxar has drank his wine.”

“ Then

“The he must make haste, indeed,” replied Buxar.

Risa was in agonies till the servant returned, which he did very soon. He passed by Buxar, to go to the princess's apartments; and as he did so, he held up his finger to him, as much as to say, be upon your guard. But Risa soon extorted the truth from him, which almost deprived her of her senses; for her terrified imagination conjured up the most frightful phantoms to torment her. “He has burst
“a blood vessel,” said she, with streaming eyes, “and if he throws up any more
“blood, nothing can save him—he must
“die! Sophia, send to town every hour,
“to know how he does; let none of my
“servants go to bed to-night, I will reward them for their trouble; and as for
“Buxar, tell him—yes, tell him, that I
“charge him never to appear in my presence again.”

Buxar swore at Antony, and sent him headlong to the devil, when he found he had informed the Landgravine of his master's situation. “Shew your fidelity in the
H 5 “right

“right place,” said he, “this is the wrong one: but who told you my master was so ill? I suppose that fool Stiri.”

“I saw him myself,” answered Antony, “they were just laying him on another bed, when I went in---he was covered with blood.”

“What again!”

“Yes to be sure; why, I did not tell them half the truth.”

“He must have had a fine fall, indeed; I have had many a tumble myself before now, but never one like this.”

Sophia now came, and told Buxar he might go home, and added the agreeable information, that the Landgravine forbid him to appear in her sight. “Till I bring better news,” said he, and hurried home as fast as he could.

Albert was extremely vexed, when he heard that Rifa was informed of his danger; and wrote a note to her, at midnight, in which he informed her, on his word of honour, that he was out of danger. He really was better; the giddiness was considerably abated, and he was able to breathe
more

more freely than he did an hour before, when each attempt to do so, was followed by a stream of blood.

Albert's note had the desired effect on Rifa's mind; she kissed it, and went to bed: and, entirely to remove her fears, Sophia sent early the next morning for the surgeon who attended him; spoke to him first, and then introduced him to Rifa, who impatiently inquired, if Major de Nordenschild was out of danger.

"Entirely so," replied the surgeon; but I own, I was at first under great apprehensions on his account, owing to the prodigious quantity of blood he evacuated at seven different times."

"Seven times do you say!" repeated Rifa; "why, my brother's death was occasioned by the bursting of a blood vessel, and he died immediately."

"Your Highness knows, that constitutions differ extremely; but I never yet found one so good as the Major's is; for when I left him just now, he breathed so freely, and spoke with so much ease, that I really believe he could command

“his regiment. If it depended on me, I
 “should have no objection to his going
 “out to-day; but I suppose the prince and
 “the physicians will not consent to it.”

“Then his accident is known at court
 “already.”

“It was known there immediately; the
 “king has ordered his own physician to
 “visit him every two hours; and to neg-
 “lect nothing, in the power of medicine,
 “to accelerate his recovery. As soon as
 “the prince heard of it, he came to town,
 “and has not quitted his bed-side for a
 “moment.”

Risa made the surgeon a handsome present, and desired he would continue his attentions to the Major; and particularly begged of him to magnify his danger, lest he should neglect himself, and thereby occasion a relapse. She likewise rewarded her servants for their broken rest; nor was Buxar forgot---she begged his pardon, for the unkindness of her expressions, and in the fullness of her joy, almost embraced him, the first time she saw him. She acknowledged the kindness of her friend, in conceal-

concealing from her the extent of Albert's danger, which she owned she should not have been able to have supported.

"O Sir!" said Buxar, when he returned home, "I do not know what to make of the Landgravine, she seems almost out of her wits for joy; for when I told her you had slept well last night, and was much better, she laid hold of my arm, which she grasped in such a manner, that I believe it is black and blue. I would advise you to take care of yourself, the first time you see her; for when I only mentioned your name, her eyes sparkled so, that they made me wink. I have just kissed her hand, and she was not the least angry with me for it; and I verily believe if I had been younger, and only a little bit noble, I should have ventured to have kissed her cheek, although, by so doing I had risked being hanged the next moment."

Albert perceived the bliss that was in store for him, and his heart was alternately agitated with impatience and joy. Risa was the subject of his waking thoughts and
midnight

midnight dreams ; yet sometimes would his fancy reluctantly stray beyond the blissful hour that awaited him, and when it did, he was involved in a labyrinth of chaos and darkness.

In about a week Albert was perfectly recovered from his indisposition ; no sign remained of it, but a paleness, the natural consequence of the loss of so much blood. He, therefore, sent word, that he should appear on the parade the next morning ; the rest of the day he knew he should be obliged to devote to his friend, and the evening to the king. Shall I, or shall I not, see Risa at court to-morrow, was the thought ever uppermost in his mind. If she is not there, I shall be alone in a crowd, and if she is, what violence must I do to my heart, to address her with the respectful coolness etiquette demands : was our first interview but over, or was it to be any where, rather than there---such were Albert's reflections. Buxar, the echo of his master's thoughts, repeated them to Sophia in the evening, when he told her, the Major intended going out the next day.

Not

Not that he was Albert's confidant; but his sphinx's eye had discovered his wishes, and he was glad to see, that Sophia was not averse to occasioning the Landgravine an agreeable surprise. "To-morrow will be a disagreeable day to my master," said he, "not one hour of it will he be able to call his own; nor will he have it in his power to do what I know he desires."

"I understand you, said Sophia, but suppose he was to come here this evening."

"Why so he can, for some of our regiment are upon guard at the gate: but you know he ought not to pay any visits till he has been at court."

"If he puts on a plain coat, who will know him?"

"If you think the Landgravine will excuse his coming in an undress; he has a hunting suit, that has never been seen here."

"She is not particular, that will do very well; and I will send Falk (a person that I shall soon have the honour of introducing

“ ducing to my readers) to wait for him at
“ the back door.”

“ We will come by Finkenhain Mills,
“ and be here at any time you please to
“ appoint.”

“ At nine, I think ; but how am I to
“ know whether you come or not ?”

“ You may depend on our being here
“ before the clock strikes. I am sure no-
“ thing will prevent my master coming, un-
“ less the prince should spend the evening
“ with him ; and in that case, I will come
“ back, and let you know.”

It was a cool evening, and Risa left the
garden earlier than usual. She and Sophia
seated themselves, with their knitting, in a
saloon that looked into it. “ How many
“ hours will it be before I see him ?” said
she ; “ for I cannot go to court to-morrow,
“ that is determined ; how should I be able
“ to see his pale emaciated face, without
“ discovering my sentiments ? for you know
“ Buxar says, he looks ill, and I am cer-
“ tain he does not own half the truth.”

“ He will, with your assistance, soon re-
“ cover his looks : besides, a lover ought
“ to look pale.”

“ I am

"I am glad to see you so cheerful, it is
 "more than I am; for I cannot reconcile
 "myself to the idea of his going to court,
 "before he has seen me: the congratula-
 "tions he will receive there, will not be
 "half so sincere as mine."

"That I suppose he knows, and there-
 "fore wisely reserves the best for the last:
 "the sight of your Highness will cure the
 "spleen he will be affected with there---
 "what objection can you have to that?"

"A great one; for by his doing so, I
 "lose a whole day.--But Nordenshild is
 "too much a man of the world, to sin
 "against etiquette; as it is the fashion to
 "appear at court first, he must needs be a
 "slave to it.--But I wish I had thought of
 "it when Buxar was here---do you think,
 "Sophia, if I had invited him, he would
 "have come?"

"Why not," said Sophia, looking at
 her watch.

Falk, at that moment, opened the door,
 and said to Sophia, "I should be glad to
 "speak to you, Madam." Risa inquired
 if any thing was the matter; and Sophia,
 turning

turning to her, said, "Is your Highness
"disposed to see company this evening?"

"O Sophia! Sophia! what have you
"done?"

"Endeavoured to fulfill the wish of my
"friend."

"Is it he? tell me, my dear Sophia--
"how my heart beats: but leave me, lest
"the sight of my happiness should occa-
"sion a tear of bitter recollection to min-
"gle with my joyful ones."

"I leave you to weep; but be assured,
"my heart will ever share your happi-
"ness."

As Sophia left the room at one door,
Albert entered at another. Rifa, as soon
as she saw him, flew across the room into
his arms, and exclaimed, "My dear Nor-
"denchild." Albert was surprised; for much
as he expected from this interview, he lit-
tle thought it would begin in a manner, that
his most sanguine hopes scarcely flattered
him it would end in. He knew he was not
indifferent to the Princess; but that the
beauteous Rifa, who was come to Nordia
to ascend a throne, would shew her love

in

in so unequivocal a manner, was more than he could expect. He pressed her to his bosom, and perceived innocence and truth stamped on each lovely feature: the palpitation of her heart, his own told him, was occasioned by love, that demanded a return.---Her dove-like eyes were fixed on him with a look of mild benignity, that must have humanized a tyrant's heart---her lips seemed to ask the kiss of reciprocal love.

I beg my readers will not imagine, that Albert reflected as long as I have been writing, or they reading. No, a single glance was all that passed, and their hearts embraced on their trembling lips. Rifa, disengaging herself from his arms, said "the last time I saw you, Major, I thought you dead; I little expected then to enjoy a moment's comfort again."

"Death is the punishment my presumptuous love deserves---I am in your Highness's power, pronounce my sentence."

"It has long," said Rifa, pressing his hand to her heart, "been pronounced here!"

"What

“What is become of the Landgravine
“of Hulm? for I only see the amiable,
“lovely Rifa.

“And I may inquire where the haughty
“Nordenschild is? who used to expect his
“most trifling attentions to be repaid with
“love.”

“I thought my heart had once before
“felt its power, but if what I then felt
“was love, this is celestial bliss.—Dare I
“say, my Rifa!” (embracing her.)

“Yes, my dear Albert, for my heart
“has been your’s ever since the first time I saw
“you; tell me, if your penetrating eyes
“never discovered the power you had
“over it?”

“I was so dazzled by the splendour that
“surrounded you, that I did violence to
“my inclinations, and endeavoured to
“conquer my aspiring wishes, yet my re-
“fractory heart refused to listen to the
“dictates of reason, I therefore continued
“to hope, when I ought to have despaired.
“And even now, when I think on your
“elevated situation, and compare it to
“mine——”

“Do

"Do not then think of it, Albert—
 "I beg of you to forget it—forget
 "every obstacle that may present itself
 "to your too inventive fancy. Only
 "remember that you are mine, and
 "that no power will ever prevail on
 "me to alter my resolution. Your father
 "is a nobleman, so was my grandfather,
 "our rank therefore is nearly equal; and
 "supposing it was not, would it not be
 "the height of folly to exalt myself be-
 "cause chance placed my ancestors on a
 "throne? Besides, the lesson the best of
 "fathers often taught me, still remains
 "deeply imprinted on my mind: 'it is
 "'not birth, but innate worth,' would he
 "frequently say, 'that constitutes a prince;
 "'it is that which exalts him, not his inhe-
 "'riting his father's throne."

"It is not the glare of royalty that
 "either frightens or attracts me. But,
 "Risa! adored Risa! I lament my want
 "of merit to deserve worth like thine."

"That you possess already; not because
 "your power over every female heart is
 "almost unbounded, but because the
 "worthy

“worthy esteem, the worthless fear, and
 “the villain hates you.—Here is my hand,
 “Albert; constancy till death shall be our
 “motto—have you courage to pronounce
 “a vow, that I expect to be as binding as
 “a promise made to a friend?”

“Constancy till death!” repeated Albert, and pressed her hand to his lips; they then embraced as two heroes who meet in the field of battle, and are determined to conquer or die. They were now recovered from their first transports, and began to feel the happiness that had before appeared like a delirious dream; holding one of her hands in his, and his other arm thrown round her waist, they entertained each other with relating their past and present sensations. Sometimes a thought of the future would obtrude on Albert’s mind, which Risa endeavoured to chase away by saying, “you know that nothing but death
 “can separate us, therefore to what purpose is anticipating, or anxiously inquiring into futurity, which will only
 “embitter our present moments? I am
 “certain it is Risa, not the Landgravine,
 “you

“you love, and as you cannot lose her,
 “what signifies tormenting yourself about
 “other objects?”—“Oh! had I but the
 “power,” replied Albert, “to vivify the
 “dead, your brother should be the first to
 “feel it, for who can tell but the world
 “may say, that Albert strove to gain Rifa’s
 “heart to gratify his ambition.”

“Of what consequence is it to us what
 “the world may say, as long as I am con-
 “vinced to the contrary? I am unac-
 “quainted with the laws, but not with
 “the avarice of the great, and therefore
 “suppose they will do all in their power
 “to oppose us:—well, if they will, let
 “them deprive me of my possessions,
 “they cannot deprive me of you. I
 “think you once told me your father had
 “a pleasant country seat?”

“He has several.”

“Then I am sure he will give us one;
 “we will retire to it, Albert, and our
 “days will pass in tranquillity and peace,
 “without wasting a sigh or a regret for
 “the deceitful splendor we have re-
 “nounced.”

“It

“It is a pity,” said Albert, looking at her with amazement, “that you are not a man, for they that have courage to lose every thing, have courage to win every thing.”

“They that love like me, will at least have courage to attempt every thing. For the present, Albert, we will endeavour to assume the appearance of indifference ; but should the world discover our affection, and persecute us for it, we will evade their malice as long as we can ; but remember, not a sentiment of revenge shall harbour in our bosoms ; I will retain my present dignity as long as I can do so, without being guilty of meanness or deceit, but when I find I can do so no longer, will relinquish it with indifference, and seek a world of happiness in your arms.”

Sophia now entered the room ; as soon as Risa saw her, she embraced Albert, and hastily exclaimed, “he is mine, Sophia ! I have wept many hours with you, now I hope you will rejoice with me. Do, Albert, assure her of it, for to hear the
“ repe-

"repetition from your lips will add to my pleasure."—"Yes," said Sophia, "you must include me in the treaty, I began to think you had forgotten me, and therefore came to claim my right."

"You are happier," said Albert, embracing them both, "than I am, Risa, for you have a friend to share your joy, but I, poor solitary being, have no friend in whom I could confide; is your heart capacious enough, Miss de Stenberg, to contain us both?"

"It is I," replied Sophia, "that ought to ask if there is room in your's to admit of friendship at present; Risa has long held the first place in mine, and you and she are now inseparable."

"Why must," asked Albert, saluting her, "merit, like your's, taste the bitter cup of affliction!"

"What are you about, Sophia?" said Risa, "let me advise you not to suffer Albert's embraces, if you wish to preserve your constancy to Herman."

"I bid defiance to him, and every other man," answered Sophia, returning the salutation of Albert.

Tears started from her eyes as she spoke, she held her handkerchief to them, and sobbing left the room. Albert looked at her with a mixed sensation of surprize and pity; but had he known how nearly he was related to the cause of her sorrows, the tear of fraternal affection would have flowed with her's. Risa briefly related to him her unfortunate story (which perhaps I may likewise do to my reader at some future time) but when she came to that part of her narration, in which she described how she found her in the wood near Falkenheim, and the cruel scene that passed there, Albert could support it no longer, but desired her to finish it some other time, when he was better disposed to hear the tale of woe.

Sophia's story had equally affected Albert and Risa, they walked up and down the room, hand in hand, several times together, without speaking, at length said Risa, "I suppose you think the sad story
"I have just related may serve as a prelude
"to our's;" a deep sigh was Albert's answer. "No!" continued she, "for I
"have

"have more courage than my unfortunate
 "friend, and if I cannot live with you,
 "you shall find that I am able to die with
 "you; besides, there is but little simi-
 "larity between Herman's situation and
 "your's; you have a home to go to, and
 "every one knows to whom you belong,
 "when poor Herman was destitute of the
 "former, and ignorant of the latter."—
 "Poor Herman, indeed!" repeated Al-
 bert; "I cannot express to you how in-
 "terested I am in his fate, I think it seems
 "as if mine was nearly connected with it.
 "Rifa! beloved Rifa!" said he, clasping
 his arms about her, "my heart beats
 "quicker at the sound of his name, tell
 "me if you can, what can be the mean-
 "ing of it?"—"And so does mine," re-
 plied she, "but I can easily account for
 "it, for surely the history of two unfortu-
 "nate lovers is but ill calculated to raise
 "our spirits; it is, however, some conso-
 "lation for me to know, that in spite of
 "all her troubles, Sophia is happier than
 "if she had never loved; and now let us
 "talk of something else."

Rifa's reasoning had the desired effect on Albert, it calmed his perturbed spirits, and when they were tolerably composed, they re-settled their former plan of keeping their attachment a secret, and they amused themselves with the surprise it would occasion when discovered. The clock struck twelve, and Rifa was forced to own it was time for Albert to leave her. "I will disengage myself as soon, and in the best manner I can from Nordia," said she, "and as soon as I return to my own Hulm, you shall be my acknowledged husband; but in the mean time, let us endeavour to support every evil that may befall us with fortitude and patience, for believe me, Albert, discontent and ill humour doubles every trouble." Rifa repeated her instructions, and they parted.

Buxar made a number of observations on Albert as they rode home. "He is drunk, absolutely drunk, thought he; it is very odd he should be so overtaken to-night—I never saw him so before—he is much worse than I am, who have drank three bottles of port." For Buxar could

assign

assign no other reason but intoxication for his master's reeling before he mounted his horse, and riding against every tree he came to. At last Albert said, "he had mistook the way," and ordered Buxar to ride before him, and it was well he did so, or most likely he would have arrived at his lodgings with a bloody nose; but I believe many of my readers would have been in the same situation as he was, if they had just quitted a Rifa.

Rifa awoke early; indeed, she had hardly slept at all, but her pleasing reflections compensated for the want of rest; she closed her eyes again, and endeavoured to recall to her mind the scene of the preceding evening, but finding it impossible to compose herself, she arose and sauntered about the garden, where Sophia found her; she was obliged to remind her several times of its being time to dress, or that the ladies she had invited to breakfast would come before she was ready to receive them. Her attendants could not conceive what was the matter with her, for all at once the gentle Rifa was become so

peevish and impatient, that nothing they did, was right. As soon as she had hurried on her cloaths, she ordered them to leave the room, for she wished to be alone. Maria, her favourite *femme de chambre*, did so with tears in her eyes, for she thought she had done something to displease her Highness. Maria had not yet felt the power of love, and was therefore ignorant of the strange effects it takes on different minds. Rifa soon left the dressing-room, and went into the saloon, where, as soon as she entered, she exclaimed with rapture, "here it was, in this spot, that he first called me Rifa—" "his Rifa! No one can pronounce love—" "and Rifa as he does—what expressive—" "eyes he has! they seem to speak the—" "feelings of his soul. How happy shall I—" "be, when without restraint I can declare—" "to the world how much I love him—" "when he will no longer be obliged to—" "visit me in private, nor I be forced to—" "remind him, as I did last night, that it—" "was time to leave me. I would give a—" "million if disguise was no longer ne—" "cessary,

"cessary, and that every one knew and
 "shared my happiness." — "And yet,"
 said Sophia, who entered as she spoke the
 last words, "you have not communi-
 "cated any of it to poor Maria, who is
 "crying; what has your Highness done to
 "her?"

"I have done nothing to her, upon my
 "honour; I only desired her to leave the
 "room—because, Sophia—because," Risa
 kissing her, "I wanted to be alone."

"I thought it was some such trifle; I
 "suppose you spoke hastily to her, which
 "made the simpleton think you were
 "angry; and who can bear Risa's displea-
 "sure?"

Maria was called, and Risa took her
 kindly by the hand, and assured her she
 had done nothing to deserve her anger.
 "If you had looked at me," continued
 she, "you would have seen that I was
 "impatient, not displeased. Take the
 "dress I told you I would wear this even-
 "ing, it is too gay for me, but it will
 "make you a handsome wedding-gown,
 "and when you are a bride, think on the
 I 4 " morning

"morning I gave it you—will you?" Maria kissed her hand, and promised she would. "Happy Maria!" said the Landgravine, when she had left the room, "the cause of your sorrows is easily removed."

The same cause operates differently on different minds, so it was with Albert, for he was in the best humour imaginable that morning. Every movement of his regiment was right, and as they directed their march the way that led to Rifa's palace, their manœuvres were approved of by him. As he returned to town, he determined to call on Amelia, who was likewise removed to a country house at no great distance from Rifa's; but he was told at the gate that she was gone to pay a visit to the Landgravine. Albert was vexed when he heard it, for he knew she would discover the secret that he wished to disclose to her with the greatest precaution, by the pleasure that would sparkle in Rifa's eyes, and the thought pained him extremely. But he was agreeably surprized in the evening to see them enter the drawing

ing

ing-room, arm in arm; they walked up to him, and congratulated him on his recovery. He thanked them in the politest manner, and with as much calmness as he could assume; they left him almost immediately, and lost themselves in the crowd. They frequently met him in the course of the evening, and sometimes they ventured a stolen glance at each other, expressive of their feelings, and a momentary pressure of the hand, and once Albert whispered to her, "Your angelic form has been the kind companion of my slumbers." The cool ceremonious manner was, however, what they both attempted, but alas! without succeeding, for the Arguseyes of courtiers are not easily deceived. Their affected indifference they soon perceived was but a mask, and Albert's prodigious attentions and flattery to every female he met, were too glaring not to cause suspicion. The Landgravine's intimacy with Amelia was another cause of wonder, she was therefore the supposed confidant; but, above all, jealousy had discovered the stolen glances that had passed, and what at first was

suspicion, was soon changed to certainty ; every eye, every ear was attentive, and those that in their hearts hated each other, were united in the common cause, and seemed bound by the closest bond of friendship. Envy, jealousy, and fear, had long in vain sought for an opportunity of revenging themselves on the object of their hatred, and now the long-expected, long-wished-for time was come ; now, or never, they should be able to crush him. Be careful, Albert ! the gathering storm will soon burst on your head—it is well you are prepared for it.

“ I called on you this morning, but you “ was out,” said Albert to Amelia, “ but I “ hope I shall find you at home, and “ alone, to-morrow morning.” She pressed his hand, and a tear rolled down her cheek. “ For heaven’s sake, what is the “ matter, Countess ?” continued he, but she hurried from him without giving him an answer, and he soon lost sight of her—perhaps for ever. The next morning as he was dressing to go to her, a servant brought him a letter, which he knew by
the

the seal and superſcription came from Amelia. He opened it with a trembling hand, and eagerly peruſed the contents; after reading it two or three times, he threw it into his eſcritore, and himſelf on the bed; and as his eyes are unmoveably fixed on the ſame ſpot, we will endeavour to procure the letter to gratify our reader's curioſity, who doubtleſs will be glad to know what the contents of it may be, as it has agitated Albert ſo much—here it is:

“ That you are poſſeſſed of Riſa's heart,
 “ is a ſecret that your and her eyes have
 “ diſcovered to me; and I am certain,
 “ that you are ſufficiently acquainted with
 “ my ſentiments to know, that whatever
 “ contributes to your happineſs muſt add
 “ to mine. But to ſpare you the conſu-
 “ ſion, and myſelf the pain of hearing it,
 “ I intend putting a plan into execution
 “ that I have long formed, for when you
 “ receive this letter, Albert, I ſhall have
 “ quitted Nordia, as I ſhall ſoon after
 “ Barenau. I have aſked, and gained my
 “ huſband's permiſſion to do ſo; it has
 “ long been my intention, but excuſe my
 16 “ weak-

“weakness when I own, that love was too
 “powerful, and conquered my frequent
 “resolutions! But when I saw the reci-
 “procal passion that your and Risa’s eyes
 “expressed last night, my determination
 “was fixed never to see the setting sun
 “in Nordia again. Your intention
 “of calling on me to-morrow morning
 “will prevent my seeing it rise there, for
 “before the dawn of day, I hope to be
 “many leagues from it. I congratulate
 “you, Albert, on the conquest you have
 “made—the Landgravine has the best of
 “hearts, a heart that you alone deserve,
 “and may, oh! may you be as happy as
 “I wish you! Not to occasion you a mo-
 “ment’s uneasiness, is the chief reason of
 “my absenting myself; for who can assure
 “me, that however noble-minded and
 “good, as the Landgravine is, but that
 “some little female weakness may still
 “lurk in her bosom, and that the distin-
 “guished friendship you treat me with,
 “may occasion a jealous pang to wound
 “her bosom, which may embitter a
 “moment that would otherwise have been
 “devoted

"devoted to happiness and you. My with-
 "drawing myself, therefore, is a justice I
 "owe both you and her, whose virtues
 "deserve and possess my friendship. Far,
 "therefore, be the selfish wish removed
 "from my heart, to purchase pleasure, the
 "pleasure of seeing you—no! rather let
 "me sacrifice inclination to ensure your
 "happiness; that is as far as depends on
 "yourselves. I shall retire to my paternal
 "estate at Luberwind, where I am deter-
 "mined to remain till the wounds that
 "still bleed are healed; or if absence has
 "no power over my stubborn heart, and
 "it will only cease to love when it ceases
 "to beat, till my glass assures me that my
 "face is so entirely faded, as not to be
 "able to create a moment's uneasiness.
 "Accept my thanks, Albert, for your
 "friendship, and for your love—you have
 "given me no reason to complain, for
 "you have kept the promise you made me
 "at Grieffenhorst; and although another
 "possesses your heart, you have not dis-
 "missed me as one you was weary of. I
 "saw the agitation you were in last night—
 I per-

“ I perceived and am thankful for the delicacy of your proceedings—it was such as I expected from you, and I own a contrary behaviour would have pained me extremely; to prove I am not ungrateful, I leave you to enjoy, undisturbed, the society of your Risa, who my heart tells me, is more deserving of you than I am. But, Albert! Albert! I tremble when I think on the dangers that surround you; you have stolen a jewel that was intended to ornament Nordia’s diadem—need I caution you and say, beware! Remember, it is easier to conquer than retain; your enemies are numerous, and they watch every opportunity to catch you off your guard; heaven send that your love may not be the rock on which you split. Your extreme intimacy with Hector is another cause of hatred, and excuse me, Albert, when I say you are too incautious in your expressions about him. You praise him with too much warmth to his enemies, who are many and powerful, and I fear he will not be able to screen himself

“ self from their malice, much less you ;
 “ or at least (apparently) it will be long
 “ before he is able to protect his friends,
 “ and say, ‘ I will.’ For although Arno’s
 “ hair is bleached by age, his constitution
 “ still retains its youthful vigour. But I
 “ beg of you particularly to beware of my
 “ husband and Teresa, they never will for-
 “ give you : the first for your refusing to
 “ be his tool, and the latter for repaying
 “ her advances with contempt. Perhaps,
 “ however, I make use of too forcible an ex-
 “ pression when I say ‘ contempt.’ But
 “ however that may be, when she finds
 “ herself neglected for another, and that
 “ she has no hope of gaining or retaining
 “ your heart, I know her wish for re-
 “ venge will be boundless. She is ano-
 “ ther reason for my wishing to leave Nor-
 “ dia ; our love was no secret to her, and
 “ since she has discovered your passion for
 “ the Princess, she has done all in her
 “ power to irritate me against you, and
 “ her disappointment was evident when
 “ she found she could not succeed. Was
 “ I to remain in Nordia, I dare say I should
 “ not

“escape feeling the effects of her resent-
 “ment. All that grieves me is, that I must
 “leave you, Albert, in the power of your
 “enemies; would I could conceal you
 “from their malice, by hiding you in my
 “heart, there you would be safe, other-
 “wise I leave Nordia without a regret;
 “for in my happiest moments I endeavour-
 “ed to accustom my thoughts to our sepa-
 “ration, which I knew would happen
 “some time or other. Adieu, therefore,
 “best of friends, and the only, perhaps
 “the last request I have to make you, is,
 “not to repine at my absence—believe
 “me, it is better for us both. The recol-
 “lection of your love will ever be dear to
 “me, it will cheer my lonely hours, and
 “enliven my solitude. I expect my fu-
 “ture days to glide on in ease and quiet,
 “which nothing will have power to dis-
 “turb, but the knowledge that Albert is
 “not as happy as he deserves, and Amelia
 “wishes him to be. Embrace your Risa.
 “for me, inform her of the sentiments I
 “feel for her—acquaint her of our love,
 “and endeavour to procure me her friend-
 “ship.

“ship.—Albert, once more farewell; we
 “never can forget each other; but if it is
 “our destiny to meet again, may we be
 “happier; I at least, than I am at this
 “moment.”

“AMELIA.”

Albert's heart was deeply wounded by Amelia's letter—he had long known her worth; but it now presented itself to him in its full extent. He accused himself of ingratitude to her; the thought made him wretched, and occasioned a gloom and uneasiness, that even Risa's presence could not always dispel. It was long before he owned to her the cause it, and shewed her the letter, which cost her many a tear: she however attempted to comfort him, by the assurance, that her love was at least equal to that amiable woman's, and that, by imitating her virtues, she hoped in time, to be as deserving of his.

But let us inquire what is going on at court: there the so lately admired Nordenschild was become the object of universal hatred, even the female part of it had
 sworn

sworn his destruction ; and the only way to gain their favour, was to propose a plan to hasten his fall. The men hated him for the influence he had over the king, and which increased daily ; and the women, for their slighted advances. A correspondence they pretended to have discovered, that Hector carried on with a distant court, and which, as Albert was his confidential friend, he must be acquainted with, was the snare laid for them both, and into which it was thought they must fall. Every opportunity, therefore, of instilling the seeds of suspicion into Arno's mind was greedily seized : but Albert seemed protected by an invincible power ; for often, when his enemies thought they had reason to rejoice at the success of their machination, when a hint, or an innuendo they had given the preceding evening, had appeared to have awakened Arno's suspicions ; and they, in consequence of it, were drinking their chocolate with double relish would Albert pay his morning visit to the king, and receive fresh proofs of his friendship ; for the sight of him always dispelled doubt from
Arno's

Arno's mind; and such was the power he had over it, that he had frequent opportunities, had he chosen to have employed them, of covering his enemies with the disgrace that was intended him: but such revenge was too little for Albert.

When Teresa found he retained his power and influence, notwithstanding the assurances she received to the contrary, her patience quite forsook her. "What miserable wretches you are," said, or rather thought she; "you fancy yourselves giants, and are such pigmies, as not to be able to lay a trap for a major to fall into—how would you be able to out-wit a prime-minister?—Must a woman trace out, and execute a plan, your dastardly souls would shrink at. Tremble, cowards! for the dagger that pierces his heart, may in time reach your's! And you, favoured lover of the detested Rifa! once loved, but now, detested Nordenschild!—You, in the agonies of death, shall repent having offended a Teresa."

Albert, regardless of Amelia's cautions, frequently spent his evenings with Rifa;
and

and once, whilst he was there, Buxar stood at the door of the house, where they lodged in town, cleaning his gun, and whistling a march; for his master had ordered him to have a pen-knife ground in the morning, and as he fancied every thing a preparation for war, he had that, and was getting himself in readiness for it. He had not stood long, before two men passed the door, who, when they saw him, stopped, and asked him several indifferent questions; and at last began to talk of the Major, whom they praised in the most extravagant manner, and inquired if he was at home. "No," was Buxar's answer.—"Where is he gone to?" said one of them. Buxar's attention had hitherto been too much engaged with his gun to mind them; but he now looked up, and perceived the gibbet marked in their faces. (Their names were Papple and Strick; and united as they were in wickedness, they soon after were in death; and Buxar had the satisfaction of seeing them taken to the place of execution, with some more malefactors.) "I understand
"you

"you now," said he; "but you are on
"the wrong scent."

Strick. "You understand—what do you
"understand? I hope there is no harm in
"asking a civil question—will you drink
"a dram, master?" (and he took a bottle
out of his pocket.)

Buxar. "Yes, if it is good for any thing;
"for it is not the first time that a king and a
"rogue have drank together; why, there-
"fore, may not you and I?"

Papple. "That is a good joke; why,
"you have as much wit as some poets
"have."

Buxar. "You may think it a joke if you
"will, but I say it in earnest."

Strick. (Putting the bottle into his poc-
ket.) "But how happened it, that your
"master went out without you to-night—
"he seldom does?—is he alone?"

Buxar. "No."

Strick. "Is Rush, or Stiri, gone with
"him?"

Buxar. "Neither of them; but (point-
"ing to his sabre), the fellow to this."

Papple. "And so nobody is with him?"

Buxar.

Buxar. (In a passion) "I tell you, scoundrels, he has enough with him to do for you both."

Papple. "Why, what do you take us for?"

Buxar. "I know what you are, but I am not afraid of you, for all that.—Come, give me another dram."

Strick. "There is the bottle, see if there is any more in it."

Buxar took the bottle, and finding it empty, threw it at him. "I believe you are but ill paid for your business, you miserable dogs," said he.

"What do you mean, fellow," replied one of them, and struck at him. Buxar warded off the blow, and pushed them both into the street, "Get about your business," said he, "you tatterdemalions, and let me eat my supper in peace—go, this moment, I say, or (drawing his sabre) I will maul you in such a manner, that your mouths shall reach your ears." He went in, and shut the door in their faces: but when he thought of the adventure afterwards, it made him uneasy; and

Rush and he agreed to go to meet, and guard their master. They therefore set off immediately; Buxar, armed with his sabre, went one way, and Rush, with a loaded gun, another.

In the mean time, Albert sat in an arbour, with Risa and Sophia. "You promised me, some time ago," said he, to the latter, "to tell me the reason of the melancholy that is marked on Falk's features; I never yet saw him look cheerful, much less smile.—Do, Sophia, tell me the cause of his gloomy discontent." Sophia looked at the Landgravine, who made a sign for her to satisfy his curiosity, and retired; for she knew she could not hear the repetition of a story that interested her so much, without agitation; and she was unwilling that an evening, devoted to Albert, should be clouded by her tears. Besides, a certain something told her to make much of the present, for that but few more happy hours were reserved for her in Nordia.

"Falk," said Sophia, "who has already attracted your attention, will do so
" still

“ still more, when I tell you, that a few
 “ years ago, he was the leader of a noto-
 “ rious band of robbers, whose depreda-
 “ tions, of every kind, filled the inhabi-
 “ tants of Hulm, and the neighbouring
 “ countries, with fear and terror. During
 “ the last war, whilst he was engaged in
 “ defending his country, a combination of
 “ unfortunate events entirely deprived
 “ him of his estate, which, although small,
 “ was equal to his wants.—His wife lan-
 “ guished at a distance from him, under
 “ the accumulated evils of poverty and
 “ sickness, which he was incapable of re-
 “ lieving :—and his only son, the darling
 “ of his heart, suffered an ignominious
 “ death: for he, after in vain imploring
 “ the charity of the affluent to relieve a
 “ parent, who was dying for want, was
 “ detected in stealing some corn from
 “ a farmer, who but an hour before had
 “ refused to give him a piece of bread, al-
 “ though he had implored it on his knees.
 “ Such reiterated misfortunes, at first, near-
 “ ly deprived him of his senses; and de-
 “ spair was the attendant of returning rea-
 “ son.

"son. In a paroxysm of it, he associated
 "with a band of robbers, who soon chose
 "him for their chief; and the whole coun-
 "try trembled at his name, so dreadful
 "were the crimes that he, and this lawless
 "crew committed. But every thing that
 "immediately belonged to the Landgrave,
 "(Risa's father) was sacred to them, and
 "death would have been the punishment
 "of him, who had shot either a hare, or a
 "partridge, on his domains: for once,
 "whilst Falk was in the service, he, in a
 "state of intoxication, had behaved in so
 "improper a manner to his commanding
 "officer, that he was sentenced, by a court-
 "martial, to be shot, but was pardoned by
 "the Landgrave's desire. Some time after-
 "wards, however, avarice got the better of
 "his gratitude, and he suffered himself to
 "be hired, for a large sum of money, to as-
 "sassinate his former benefactor, the good
 "Landgrave. I do not know who were
 "his employers, but half a million of flo-
 "rins were to be the reward of the mur-
 "derous deed. It was long before Falk
 "could determine to perpetrate the crime
 Vol. I. K "himself,

“himself, but as two or three attempts of
“his adherents had proved unsuccessful,
“he was forced to resolve, lest his employ-
“ers, impatient at the delay, might engage
“some other person, and he lose the pro-
“mised reward, which was to be paid the
“moment his death was ascertained—his
“resolution was therefore taken, and the
“iniquitous deed determined on. The
“Landgrave, who loved his subjects with
“the affection of a parent, thought him-
“self sufficiently guarded by their love,
“and therefore frequently travelled with
“very few attendants—this was the op-
“portunity Falk determined to seize; and
“a journey he knew the Landgrave was
“soon to take, seemed to facilitate his de-
“sign. When the wished, yet dreaded
“time arrived, Falk followed him at some
“distance; and to prevent his being no-
“ticed, he often changed his dress. One
“morning he heard, at a public-house
“where he stopped to refresh himself and
“horse, that there was to be a stag hunted
“in the afternoon, and that the Landgrave
“was to be at the chase, and to sleep
“that

"that night at a solitary house in the
 "wood, which belonged to one of his
 "huntsmen. Falk put on a hunting dress,
 "and mixed with the servants of the gen-
 "tlemen who followed the chase: he howe-
 "ver, with a watchful eye, pursued his
 "devoted prey, till he retired to the house
 "where he was to sleep: there he likewise
 "followed him; no one paid any attention
 "to him; for as there was a number of
 "strangers about, he passed unnoticed in
 "the crowd. At midnight, when sleep
 "had closed every eye, except that of ava-
 "rice and cruelty, he arose, and with a
 "trembling hand, opened the door of
 "Theflalo's apartment, and with pale and
 "distorted features, his knees knocking
 "against each other, and his teeth chat-
 "tering, as if in an ague fit, entered the
 "room; but scarcely had he done so, be-
 "fore his courage forsook him, and he was
 "going to leave it, when the thought of
 "half a million again presented itself to
 "his mind, and was too powerful for him
 "to resist—he paused, drew back, and
 "then went on: at last, with cautious
 K 2 " steps,

“ steps, he approached a table on which
 “ stood a lamp—he removed it to another
 “ that reflected the light on the bed; for,
 “ either out of humanity, or fear, he was
 “ determined his victim should suffer as
 “ little pain as possible. There lay that
 “ amiable Prince, to whom he owed his
 “ life—his hands were closed on his breast,
 “ and a smile on his countenance seemed to
 “ say, he was not unprepared to appear at
 “ the great tribunal, to which he was so
 “ suddenly called. The conflict that pas-
 “ sed in Falk’s heart, was violent indeed;
 “ the sweat, such as the agonies of death
 “ occasion, rolled down his forehead—
 “ tears started into his eyes, his conscience
 “ was clamorous, and would be heard;
 “ but the half a million was too great a
 “ temptation to be resisted, and stifled its
 “ voice.—He reached the bed, drew the
 “ dagger, and with his left hand held back
 “ the curtain, which he grasped with a con-
 “ vulsive motion—his right arm was al-
 “ ready lifted, to strike the deadly blow—
 “ ‘Father forgive them,’ murmured the
 “ Landgrave in his sleep, ‘forgive them,
 “ for

'for they know not what they do.' This
 "was too much for him, the dagger drop-
 "ped from his hand, and he fell on his
 "knees by the bed-side. The noise awoke
 "the Landgrave, he started up, and on
 "seeing Falk, was going to jump out of
 "bed; but looking at him again, the re-
 "pentance and remorse that was marked
 "on the affassin's features, dispelled his
 "fears.—'Falk, Falk!' said he, 'have I
 "deserved this from you?' For some time
 "despair deprived him of the power of
 "speech; but as soon as he was able to
 "articulate, he confessed every thing, and
 "begged for immediate death: but the
 "Landgrave, who was goodness itself, im-
 "mediately pardoned him.—Falk thank-
 "ed him, but at the same time assured
 "him, that his clemency was useless; for
 "that as soon as his gang knew the disco-
 "very he had made, they would immedi-
 "ately destroy him: besides, the abhor-
 "rence he felt for his former way of life,
 "was such, that he would die rather than
 "again follow it. The Landgrave was
 "moved by his contrition, and told him,

“that if he would inviolably keep the secret, he would take him under his protection: but if, through any means it was disclosed, it would not be in his power to screen him from punishment. The Landgrave now inquired who his employers were; Falk said, that an officer had sent for him to a house he described, and had promised him the before-mentioned sum, to murder him; and that he had received some thousands of it in advance, and the remainder was to be paid as soon as the deed was perpetrated. The next morning a detachment of Hussars were sent to arrest the officer; but as soon as he saw them enter the house, he took a loaded pistol, that lay on the table, and blew his brains out. As there were no papers found, that could lead to a discovery, the affair still remains a mystery: the money was found in a chest, and that the Landgrave ordered to be distributed amongst the poor.—The officer was a person of very suspicious character, he having been broke during the last war, for carrying on a treasonable

corref-

" correspondence with the enemy. Every
 " one was surprised at the Landgrave's tak-
 " ing a noted robber into his palace; but
 " he never had reason to repent of the mer-
 " cy he had shewed him; for, from a mid-
 " night murderer, he was become the
 " watchful guard of his master's person;
 " and it is not to be described, with what
 " tenderness and assiduity he attended the
 " Landgrave in his last lingering illness,
 " which confined him to his bed for two
 " years.—It was impossible to prevail on
 " him to leave the room, and what little
 " rest he took was on the floor, by the side
 " of Hercules, his master's favourite spa-
 " niel: and never shall I forget the dread-
 " ful effect his death had on him—his
 " groans and lamentations still vibrate on
 " my ear; his faculties seemed suspended,
 " and it was with the greatest difficulty,
 " that we prevailed on him to take some
 " food, which he refused doing for several
 " days. Risa's assurance, that he should
 " never leave her, was what contributed
 " most to his relief—time, and our atten-
 " tions, have a little mitigated his sorrow,
 " but

“but it is too deeply rooted, ever to admit
 “of the cheering voice of comfort. Be
 “careful never to mention any thing that
 “alludes to the story I have just told you,
 “in his hearing; and if possible, avoid
 “saying any thing about the late Land-
 “grave, for whatever reminds him of his
 “benefactor, brings on his former melan-
 “choly, and then the difficulty we have to
 “prevent his starving himself, exceeds be-
 “lief.”

While they were conversing about Falk, he, according to his usual custom, was guarding the outside of the house; for, without being desired, as soon as the dusk came on, he would stand for hours, leaning against a tree—hundreds might pass without noticing him, but he observed every one that went by; for suspicion was all he retained of his former vices. Falk had stood some time, when he perceived two men coming different ways; and as they approached the place where he stood, one of them coughed, which he knew to be a signal. “Is it
 “you?”

"you?" said the other. Who are these, thought Falk. But not to let my readers share his suspense, we will, without circumlocution, inform them, that they were no other than Strick and Papple. "What a devilish fellow that Buxar is," said the latter, "I believe he has broke a couple of my ribs—I ache all over; why did not you knock him down, when he pushed me into the street?"

Strick. "It was well worth while to make a disturbance with him; besides, what business had you to provoke him? if you had held your tongue, it would not have happened; but you always shew your courage in the wrong place, and because you are a scholar, you will not quietly pass over an affront—such as we must bear every thing: I wonder if he is there!" (pointing to the house.)

Papple. "I warrant he is, where else should he be? I am only afraid Buxar is not far off."

Strick. "So your heart is in your shoes again."

K 5

Papple.

Papple. "But you are mistaken, I wish
 "he was here already, I long to be at him
 "—I tell you what, do you go and place
 "yourself in that narrow path, which he
 "must pass, and when he comes up to you
 "knock him down, and then I will come
 "and seize him behind."

Strick. "Yes, let Strick go first, because
 "there is most danger; but Papple, who
 "takes care to keep out of it, always wants
 "half the booty.—You may go to the de-
 "vil if you will, for as soon as I can get
 "another comrade, I will have no more
 "to do with such a cowardly dog as you
 "are."

Papple. "What a touchy fellow you
 "are, why I did not mean to affront you—
 "let me alone, I will manage him by my-
 "self, if you will."

The gigantic Falk now stalked from his
 hiding place, and seizing each of them by
 the nape of their necks, pushed their heads
 together with such violence, that, accord-
 ing to the old saying, "fire flew out of
 "their eyes."—"Who were you talking
 "about, my lads," said he—"what have
 "I kil-

"I killed you already! and you, Mr.
 "Bluster, that would manage him by
 "yourself, you had better go back to your
 "school, and let your master flog you for
 "being a blundering blockhead.—I would
 "advise you to follow some other trade,
 "for take my word for it you will never
 "succeed in this.—Get about your busi-
 "ness, you miserable dogs (pushing their
 "heads together again), but never let me
 "catch you about this house any more,
 "for if I do, you will not come off so well
 "as you do now; and remember, that the
 "tree you rob of a bird's nest to-day, may
 "serve for your gallows to-morrow." So
 saying, he whirled them from him, with
 such violence, that they both fell on the
 ground, at some distance; and Falk took
 his former position, with as much compo-
 sure, as if nothing had happened. The
 two fellows lay stunned for some moments,
 but at last recovering themselves, they got
 up, and ran off as fast as they could, with
 the intention, notwithstanding the disasters
 they had met with, of earning the twenty
 louis d'ors.

“What a damned fellow that is,” said Papple, “his fists were like a bear’s paws; for my part, I believe he is a hangman, or a thief-catcher at least.”

Strick. “He is neither one nor the other, but Falk, the Landgravine’s porter.—He is so strong, that I have been told, he can kill an ox with his clenched fist.—Look, and tell me, if you see any blood in my face; I am afraid he has knocked one of my eyes out.”

Papple. “No! if I could have got at my pistols, I would have done for him, for all his strength.”

Strick. “I am glad you let him alone, for it is not worth while to be hanged on his account.—Let us go and watch at the back gate, he often goes out that way, so perhaps he may to-night; and if he does, we have him safe, for his brains shall fly about his ears before he can say amen: and if the report of the pistol is heard in the house, they will think that somebody has shot a wild duck.”

Papple. “So, you are determined to venture again, for all the misfortunes we
“ have

"have had; I know we shall not succeed
 "to-night—I therefore think we had best
 "go home, and wait for some better op-
 "portunity."

Strick. "If I hear you talk so like a fool,
 "again, I will send you to the devil first—go
 "home, indeed! why we should not be
 "worth the rope that hangs us, if we did.
 "—If he comes this way, he cannot escape
 "us, and as soon as he is dead, we will
 "throw him into the moat, and let the fish
 "feast on him: and, should an alarm be
 "given, there are so many by-ways herea-
 "bout, that I warrant we shall get off un-
 "discovered."

Papple. "Well, do as you like, but I
 "am afraid that hang-dog, Falk, will go
 "home with him."

Strick. "As I got up I saw him leaning
 "against a tree—he, most likely, thought
 "us drunk, and will therefore not trouble
 "his head about us—but hark!"

They heard the garden gate open, and
 Albert taking leave. "He is coming,"
 said Papple.

Strick.

Strick. "Is your pistol in readiness—
 "Now is your time to shew your courage,
 "my boy."

Papple. "Lord, I tremble so, I am
 "afraid I shall miss him—you are stronger
 "than I, so do you shoot him, and I will
 "throw him into the water afterwards."

Strick. "You are not worth a rotten
 "herring, you cowardly rascal; why, you
 "are worse than an old woman; but do
 "as I bid you—do it this moment, I say,
 "or I will ram your teeth down your
 "throat with the but-end of my pistol—
 "but where is it, (feeling in his pockets)
 "what shall I do now? I have lost it!—
 "it must have dropped out of my pocket
 "as I fell.—Mind your aim, therefore, be
 "quick in your motions, and take care
 "not to let him draw his sword; for if he
 "does, he will be too much for us both.
 "—Mind my orders, I say, or I will do
 "for you; and now to your post."

They, with trembling hearts, concealed
 themselves; and Albert, with folded arms,
 and lost in thought, walked along the
 path which led from the garden to the
 road,

road, for his head was filled with his beloved Risa. He was, however, soon awakened from his reverie, by a rustling in a hedge at a little distance from him, and the sound of hift! hift! that re-echoed from each side. He stood still, and listened, but finding every thing quiet, walked on again; but he had not proceeded far before he heard the hift! hift! repeated. "Who is there?" called he, "if any one wants to speak to "Major Nordenschild, let him approach." As he was speaking he heard the sound of footsteps, at some distance—he stood still, and laid his hand on his sword. "Have I "caught you, you dog," said a voice, which Albert immediately knew to be Rush's. "Here is one of them, Sir, I will "will rid the world of him in a moment." "No! No!" said Albert, "as he does not "seem to be a very dangerous person, we "will not defraud the hangman of his pay. "—Give him a good caning, and let him "go about his business." Rush obeyed his master's orders, and beat him almost to a mummy.—"There," said he, quite out of breath, and repeating his blows as he spoke,

spoke, "that is for my master, and that for
" myself, and the rest I remain in your
" debt till our next meeting"—" Stop
" him ! stop him !" cried Buxar, on the
" other side the road,"—" Where is he ?"
said Rush, " Why did not you lay hold
" of him ?"—" So I did," replied Buxar,
" but the rascal broke loose ; my foot slip-
" ped, and I fell into a puddle—look,
" what a pickle my new jacket is in ; it is
" entirely covered with mud : but if ever I
" get hold of him again, his bones shall
" pay for it."

Albert was extremely pleased at the attention and affection of his servants ; but, not to excite curiosity, he desired them to walk on, and he followed them at some distance : as soon as he arrived at his lodgings, he changed his dress, and was at court in less than half an hour.

Falk, after leaning against the willow for some time, reflected, that it would be better to acquaint the Major with what had happened, and likewise to attend him to town : but when he went in Albert was gone, he having left the Landgravine at
least

least an hour sooner than his usual time of doing so, as he had promised to meet the Prince at court; and as he went out the back way, which was somewhat nearer, he had missed seeing Falk, who immediately took a sword, and followed him. He searched every hedge and ditch with the greatest caution, and listened very attentively; but as he neither saw, nor heard any thing to alarm him, he returned home. He was met on the stairs by Sophia, who inquired why he had armed himself. He related the adventure to her, and as she thought the danger over, she repeated it to the Landgravine, who was extremely uneasy, and sent Antony to town, to inquire how the Major got home. He soon returned, with the pleasing intelligence, that he arrived perfectly safe, and was gone to court; and likewise told the Landgravine of the fun, as Buxar called it, they had on the road. The recital renewed Risa's fears. "His enemies will succeed at last," said she, in the greatest agitation; "for neither mine, nor Amelia's cautions have any effect on him; he is much

“much too careless of himself.” Antony was sent back again, and ordered to remain with Buxar till the Major came home. About twelve Antony returned, and assured the apprehensive Risa, that he had seen him; that he was perfectly well, and, with his respects, wished her a good night. “Good night, my dear Sophia,” said she, and retired to her apartment.

At court that evening, no one spoke with so much warmth and interest of Major de Nordenschild, as the Countess Teresa; no one lamented his absence so much, nor wondered at it so frequently as she did; nor no one seemed so well pleased as she, when the Prince assured her, that he would certainly come, for he had promised him to do so; and yet no one was so much frightened as she was, when he entered the room; not with the look of indifference, which usually marked his features, for nothing but pleasure seemed visible on them. He, with the impatience of a lover, hurried to her, and taking one of her hands, pressed

pressed it to his lips with rapture, and seemed lost in the admiration of her charms. She was, however, adept enough in the art of deception, immediately to see through the disguise, and that increased her confusion, which she could not entirely conceal. "Am I become such a stranger to you, beautiful Countess," said he, in a languishing manner, "that the sight of me alarms you almost as much as the appearance of an apparition would do? or does your sympathetic heart divine what, but half an hour ago, had like to have happened to me?"

Teresa, (alarmed) "What! (recovering herself) nothing bad, I hope."

Albert. "I am convinced of the sincerity of your friendship, and am therefore sorry to wound your gentle heart, by telling you, that if my guardian angel had slept this evening, I should have been a ghost by this time; and as such, should certainly have flirted about your bed to-night, where the charms I should have discovered, would, doubtless, have made me regret my aerial substance."

bellong

Teresa.

Teresa. "How can you terrify me so?
"what you tell me is impossible."

Albert. "To a heart like your's, such
"deeds of horror must seem impossible;
"but I assure you, that but a little while
"ago, two hired villains attempted to ex-
"pedit me out of this world into the next;
"but they were such miserable wretches,
"as to excite my pity, as their employer
"does my contempt."

Prince Hector now came up to them,
and seemed surprised to find Albert and
Teresa on such an intimate footing. She
had, in vain, endeavoured to withdraw her
hand from his several times, but he conti-
nued holding it, when they were met by
the Prince. "I was just going to make
"the observation," said Albert to him,
"that our climate is unfavourable to the
"growth of exotics—I hope it is unneces-
"sary to say, I exclude the lovely Coun-
"tes; for Nordia has reason to exult,
"that her beauties and virtues flourish so
"well in this frigid clime.—But what I al-
"lude to is, the attempt to transplant the
"Geneose assassin into our country, and
"your

“your Highness would have laughed heartily, had you seen what miserable cripples they were.”

Hector. “I hope you do not speak from experience?”

Albert. “But, indeed, I do, for not above half an hour ago my name was thought blotted out of the book of life by some unknown person or persons; the hired assassins watched my life, but they were of so little consequence that they only served to amuse Buxar and my chasseur.

Hector. “But without doubt you have confined them, that we may discover their employers?”

Albert. (Smiling, as he perceived Teresa's increasing agony.) “I had rather not know them, but I am certain they will not escape their merited punishment some time or other. All that vexes me is, that such miserable creatures should be employed to dispatch me; I thought myself of more consequence.” He now let Teresa's hand go, who hurried away as fast as her agitation would permit her.

Hector.

Hector. "Where did it happen?"

Albert. (Looking after her in a significant manner.) "Behind the Landgravine's
"palace."

Hector. (Shaking his hand.) "I have
"been long uneasy on your account, for
"you are too lucky not to be hated, and
"have long wished for an opportunity of
"disclosing my sentiments to you, but as
"you never led to the discourse, I was un-
"willing to begin it. Without my telling
"you, you will suppose that I have long
"perceived your and Risa's reciprocal
"love, and was I king, instead of a cau-
"tion you should receive her hand, and
"happy should I think myself to have the
"power, as well as the inclination, to re-
"ward you in a manner equal to your
"worth, and my friendship. But as it is,
"let me advise you to be on your guard,
"for you are surrounded by dangers which
"require almost more than human pru-
"dence and foresight to avoid. I will
"assist you as much as is in my power,
"but you know how limited that is."

Hector

Hector related Albert's adventure to his father, who was in a violent passion when he heard it. "What," said he, "shall the country I guard with such fatherly care, become a murderer's den? shall a vile banditti be permitted to lurk in safety in it? No! as soon as they are discovered, they and their abominable agents shall receive the severest punishment I can inflict." He reproached Albert for not detaining them, and issued out orders for the strictest search to be made after them, and rewards offered for the discovery of the offenders and their accomplices. But the commands of the great are seldom obeyed when they are contrary to the inclinations of those that are to execute them; and many hearts in Arno's drawing-room were more interested in the escape of the fugitive vagabonds, than perhaps they were themselves.

But nevertheless Albert had acted imprudently, for that whole day a most violent conflict between jealousy and love had passed in Teresa's bosom, and it is impossible to say, if at the moment she saw him

him enter the drawing-room, sorrow or pleasure predominated in her heart.

But now the certainty that he was acquainted with her intention, and the contemptuous manner he had taken to let her know it, had turned her blood to gall, and revenge and death occupied her every thought. "He shall die, and that in a manner that will mortify him most; a coward's hand shall inflict the blow, and rid the world and me of him—and you, abhorred Risa! you shall dearly pay the pangs you make me suffer! How glorious, how complete would be my revenge, could I first wound his heart by piercing your's, that he might see you writhe in the agonies of death, and then follow you in despair! But whether separate or together, you shall both die, that is determined! your doom is fixed, irrevocably fixed." Such were Terefa's thoughts, when Albert let her hand drop, and the coolness and contempt with which he did it, had entirely thrown her off her guard; she stalked about the room like a fury, heedless

less of the notice she attracted, and the remarks that were made about her. "Rollo," said she, to a Danish sea captain, who was one of her admirers, but whom she had always treated with disdain, "follow me to the window, I want to speak to you;" he did so. "You have often," continued she, with a look such as we mortals should fix on, to personify the devil, "assured me of your love, and I am now going to try the sincerity of it, for I have a favour to ask, which if you grant, my hand shall be the immediate reward of your complaisance."

Rollo assured her he was entirely devoted to her service, and begged she would immediately honour him with her commands, that he might prove by his haste to execute them, the violence of his passion. "Know, then" said she, "that I detest Major de Nordenschild, and that I shall never enjoy a moment's repose whilst he lives—need I explain myself any farther?" Rollo turned from her with disgust, and if he ever really loved her, it was certain

what he then felt was hatred and aversion.

Some of Albert's acquaintance who had remarked Teresa's extraordinary behaviour, told him of it, and advised him to be on his guard. He thanked them for their well-meant caution, but assured them their fears were without the least foundation, for the effect of a woman's rage he thought below his notice.

As he and the Countess left the room about the same time, some ladies thought they were going away together, and that their's was a lover's quarrel, which would end in a renewal of friendship. But they were mistaken, and fretted and teased themselves to no purpose, for the hatred of Albert and Teresa could only end with their lives.

She returned home in a paroxysm of rage and despair that bordered on phrenzy. "What are my charms so faded," said she, "that even a Rollo despises them!—but stay, detested crew, I will still be revenged on you all. Let me think," pauses; "yes, it will do."

We

We have let the curtain drop for a few minutes, but shall now raise it again. The scene lies in Teresa's dressing-room, she in a becoming undress, seated on her couch, leaning her head on her hand against the side of it, and Petit her friseur, on his knees before her, kissing her hand.

Teresa. "Get out of my sight, wretch!
"I had too good an opinion of you—but I
"find my mistake, for you have not cou-
"rage enough to be either a villain or an
"honest man—leave me, I say."

Petit. "*Pardonnez, Madame, den as I*
"came to de Rhine, one friend of mine, a
"wise man, said, 'Petit, leave all your
'French qualities here, den de heavy
'German no like dem'.—Ah, Madame!
"*c'est par la plus grand fatalité de monde—*
"dat I left *tout mon courage* dere."

Teresa. "It is a pity, indeed, that you
"did so, for it prevents my rewarding you
"as I otherwise would have done."

Petit. "*Mais* tell me, Madame, what
"I can do for your satisfaction: *Je ferai*
"*tout—tout mon possible.*"

Teresa. "Well, then, as I told you before, the moment I hear that Major de Nordenchild is certainly dead, ask what favour you will of me, I promise to grant it."

Petit. "*Mais, mon Dieu, Madame! pourquoi* make die de charming Major?"

Teresa. "That is no business of your's. But what a fool I am to waste my time with a fellow who has not courage enough to be happy: either determine to obey my orders, that lie sealed up on my dressing-table, or leave me this instant."

Petit. (going towards the toilette in a melancholy manner.) "I see nothing, Madame. *Ah! mais voila une little poudre—c'est une autre chose—oui! oui!* to drink in de caffè or chocolate: me understand you now (capering about) de Major be dead very soon, dat me assure you, Madame; me thought you wanted me to kill him *par force, et pour cela* I have not de courage; *mais pour le poudre, de tout mon cœur—oui, char-* mante deesse, *votre pauvre* Petit will still
" be

"be happy," (attempting to kiss her hand.

Teresa. (withdrawing it.) "Not till the dead march beats to his funeral; now leave me."

Petit. "Me no go till I receive de earnest of your favour."

Teresa gave him her hand to kiss, and said, "now go, but let me see you soon again, when I hope you will be the welcome messenger of agreeable news."

Petit unwillingly obeyed her orders. "I think I am certain of him," said she; and after throwing herself about for some time in a restless, uneasy manner, she rung her bell, when her femme de chambre entered; she inquired if the captain had called while she was at court; no, was the answer she received. "The secretary."—"No!"—"I think I am forsaken by all the world," said she; "but let them beware, their time may likewise come." With these pious intentions she retired to bed, but not to rest.

A kind of dead calm reigned at court for some time after Teresa's first attempt on

Albert's life ; every one suspected her of being the cause of it, and his enemies hoped she would repeat the attempt, and be more successful another time : they therefore thought it better patiently to wait for an event which would rid them of a detested rival, without endangering their reputation.

Nordia, like most other courts, was consumed by intestine divisions; the king's party was the most numerous, but the prince's was composed of men whose worth outweighed the smallness of their numbers. Never was party hatred carried to a greater height, and yet they seemed to dread coming to an open rupture. In so critical a situation, Albert was a kind of phenomenon, for he preserved his neutrality, and possessed the confidence of the heads of both parties. Often had he attempted to accomplish a reconciliation between a father and son, which he knew would be for the advantage of themselves and their country ; but his attempts were always frustrated by those, who, for the sake of private interest, sacrifice the public good.

good. Albert perceived that the present calm would soon be followed by a storm; but he thought, “of what use is it to anticipate evils that are not in my power to avert?” He therefore continued to act with his usual disinterestedness and honesty, and was careless, perhaps too much so, of his enemies and futurity.

Such was his situation when he was sent by Arno on a private embassy to a distant court; his charge was attended with difficulty and danger, and those that proposed him, thought it impossible for him to extricate himself with honour; but they were mistaken, for he executed his charge with so much caution and delicacy, and in so advantageous a manner for the House of Barenau, that he gained the King's entire approbation, and covered his enemies with confusion.

As he returned, he paid his father a short visit at Grieffenhorst, which lay in his way. Casper had suffered much uneasiness on his account for some time, and Albert had the satisfaction of removing his fears; but a few hours was all he

could devote to him, as he was forced to hurry back to Nordia, where he was received by Arno with the most distinguished friendship, and by Rifa with the warmest love; but he likewise perceived his enemies lurking in the back-ground, watching for an opportunity of destroying him.

The arrival of Prince Maximilian at Nordia, who returned from his travels whilst Albert was absent, was looked on as an event favourable to their designs. This was the crisis that was to decide his fate—this was the snare he must fall into. Maximilian was young and handsome, and although they did not suppose he would rival Albert in Rifa's affection, yet they thought it would be impossible for her to avoid a marriage that would be recommended with such persuasive earnestness by the King, and that Albert's frustrated hopes would then urge him to steps disagreeable to Arno, which would accelerate his fall. Albert and Rifa perceived the plan that was formed; they did not tremble at the idea of losing each other, they

they only lamented the many disagreeable hours that would intervene before an eclaireissement took place; but their fears on that account were soon removed.

One evening as they were sitting together, consulting in what manner they should be best able to extricate themselves from their perplexing situation, Falk entered, and giving the Landgravine a letter, said, "the bearer waits for an answer."—"What shall I do?" said Risa, extremely agitated, "it is Prince Maximilian himself."—"See him, by all means," replied Albert, "and permit me to remain with you; he must have business of consequence with you, otherwise he certainly would not visit you so late, and in disguise. I have never seen him," continued he, "I must therefore trouble you to present me to him; but I own, without being able to assign a reason for it, I have formed a very advantageous opinion of him."

Risa ran to the door to receive him, and presented Albert and him to each other. He did not express the least surprize at

finding Albert with her, but shook hands with him in the most friendly manner, and presented to the Landgravine a letter from her sister Valeske. Risa opened the letter, and when she had read a few lines, looked attentively at the Prince, whose eyes were employed in watching every turn of her countenance, and he observed with pleasure that it expressed satisfaction. When she had read the letter, she embraced the Prince in the most affectionate manner, and putting his hand into Albert's, said, "Be friends! for know, Nordenchild, "that the Prince possesses Valeske's heart "as entirely as you have long done mine." "—That I do," replied Maximilian, "and "nothing but death can separate us; I "know the plan that is formed at court, "and know the danger I am in by opposing "it—but love like mine knows no danger. "It is true, that my heart and sword is all "I can call my own, and I shall be glad "to devote them to the service of my "country; but if my King will not permit me to do so, other monarchs will "gladly accept of my service, and the "thought

“thought that Valeske will be my reward,
“will strengthen my arm, and animate
“my heart. And if you, charming Risa,
“will allow me to call you sister, I shall
“be happier than the greatest potentate
“who has millions to command.”

Risa assured him of her affection, and told him that she would do every thing in her power to arrange matters in such a manner that he should not be in need of foreign assistance, for that with her sister's hand he should likewise receive a share of her dominions. “No, never,” replied he, with warmth, “shall Valeske's sister
“be a loser by me! besides, it is not
“riches I wish for, they seldom render
“their possessor happy; a small compe-
“tency, which I hope soon to have in my
“power to realize, is all I desire, and
“then with my Valeske I shall be the hap-
“piest of my family, for my humble state
“will not attract the attention of the ava-
“ricious and envious.”

Albert was impatient to know how the Prince became acquainted with Valeske, and to hear a description of her person.

"The idea of a budding rose," said Maximilian, "will convey to your mind a
 "better description than any I can give
 "you of her; she is a miniature likeness
 "of your Risa, but as she is only fifteen,
 "I hope she will grow taller; her eyes and
 "complexion are the same, but her hair
 "is darker. You know," continued he, turning to Risa, "that I passed some
 "time at Count Ottweiler's at Hulm, and
 "that through his means I had frequent
 "opportunities of seeing Valeske. I saw
 "and loved. But it was long before I
 "would allow the sensation I felt for her
 "to be such—for love, and even a
 "cottage, were ideas I dared not unite. I
 "received a number of letters from Arno,
 "desiring me to hasten my return, as an
 "affair of consequence made my presence
 "necessary at Nordia. But I had always
 "an excuse to delay it; sometimes a stag
 "was to be hunted (an amusement I detest)
 "which prevented my returning for
 "some time; then an indisposition made
 "it necessary for me to use the warm baths
 "at Hulm; and at last the society of the
 "old

" old Count (one of the most peevish,
 " discontented mortals that ever existed)
 " was become so engaging, that I could
 " not determine to tear myself from him.
 " But at last Arno, wearied by my repeated
 " excuses, insisted on my immediately
 " obeying his orders, and I was therefore
 " forced unwillingly to prepare for my de-
 " parture. The day before I quitted Hulm,
 " I went to the palace, and after wander-
 " ing about the public apartments for
 " some time, without knowing what I was
 " about, I went to the picture gallery,
 " where your portrait fixed my attention;
 " the striking resemblance of your fea-
 " tures to her's, who was ever present to
 " my imagination, rivetted my eyes on it,
 " when Valeske, not knowing I was there,
 " entered; she was going to retire when
 " she saw me, but I, roused by the rust-
 " ling of her cloaths, hurried to prevent
 " her doing so, and taking her hand, saw
 " a tear roll down her cheek. Valeske
 " had by some means been informed of
 " the reason of my sudden recall to Nor-
 " dia, which had occasioned her many
 " melan-

“melancholy hours ; I had observed that
 “she had been remarkably serious for several
 “veral days, but was far from guessing
 “the reason of it. We returned together
 “to your picture, and stood contemplating
 “plating it for some time, one of her
 “hands in mine, and the other leaning
 “on my shoulder ; when all at once a
 “tear that she had long repressed, fell on
 “my hand.”—“For whom was that tear?”
 said I,—“For a beloved sister,” was her reply,
 “who perhaps on account of her
 “Landgraviate, will be forced to dispose
 “of her hand without her heart.”—“I
 “understand your Highness,” said I,
 “but I am far from desiring to be master
 “of her possessions, for you, beloved
 “Valeske, have long been the object of
 “my wishes. I pressed her hand, she returned
 “the pressure, and from that moment
 “our hearts were united for ever.”

Maximilian and Albert took leave soon
 after, and returned to town together ; and
 the pleasure that the latter and Risa received
 from his visit, exceeds description.
 Notwithstanding Maximilian's extreme
 youth,

youth, his heart was a stranger to fear, for the next day he publicly declared to the King his determination never to marry any one but Valeske.

Arno was enraged at finding his project crushed a second time, and did all in his power to prevail on the Prince to alter his resolution, but threats and promises were alike inefficacious. "And even you refuse to be my adopted son," said he, in the most violent rage; "I will steel my heart against you both, and the enemies of my country may come if they like it, and divide my conquests—I have neither son nor relation—I know ye not." Hector heard him, smiled, and was silent.

Arno would willingly have let the headstrong boy, as he called Maximilian, have felt the effects of his anger, but he knew that if he did not give him a commission, he would enter some other service, and that thereby he should increase the number of his enemies; therefore bitter as the pill was, he was forced to swallow it, and Maximilian was placed in the army. Those
that

that wished for Albert's destruction, were severely mortified that their plan had again proved abortive, and their dependence was now on Teresa's machinations.

During Albert's absence, Buxar had made an acquaintance with a young man, who was become his almost inseparable companion. Buxar in general disliked new acquaintance, and but seldom formed them; nor could he himself tell how this new intimacy began, all he knew was, that Petit's cheerful temper and broken German often made him laugh; and as he never troubled his head about his master, nor family affairs, he thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself at his expense. He had told Buxar that he was a hair-dresser, but as he never mentioned Teresa's name, the idea of his being connected with her never entered Buxar's head.

One afternoon as he was cleaning a harness, and Petit standing by him relating a story of one of his amours, Albert returned from riding, and opening the door of the servants room, as he passed it called
for

for a glass of water. "I wish you had
 "staid out a quarter of an hour longer,"
 muttered Buxar, "then I should not have
 "had the trouble of washing my hands
 "twice, but one can do nothing here
 "without being hindered half a dozen
 "times."—"Let me carry it for you," said
 Petit; "look, my hands be quite clean."
 "—I wish you would," replied he
 "you will find a bottle of fresh pump wa-
 "ter, and glasses in that cupboard."—
 "*De tout mon cœur*," said Petit, "besides,
 "I will be glad to see de handsome Ma-
 "jor." So saying, he ran to the cup-
 board, and Buxar continued brushing his
 harness; but just as Petit had reached the
 door, he turned round, "Pshah," said he,
 "you have taken a dirty glass, the water
 "is muddy; give it me."—"No! no!"
 replied Petit, "you only dink so." Buxar,
 however, snatched it out of his hand, and
 emptied it into a basin that stood on the
 floor. Spitz his spaniel, who had been
 waiting for water some time, hastily
 drank it, and before Buxar had washed his
 hands and the glass, poor Spitz lay on the
 floor

floor, in the most violent convulsions. Buxar's eyes were opened, he threw down the glass, and snatching his sabre from the peg it hung on against the wall, drew it, and ran after Petit, who had got to the door before Buxar reached it.—“You “curfed hound,” screamed he, as loud as he could, and aimed a blow at him, which, as the point of his sabre just touched his back, only deprived him of his hair. Buxar stood for some moments, with his drawn sabre in his hand, as if he was petrified; his eyes alternately fixed on his expiring favourite, and Petit's queue. “Poor Spitz,” at last, said he, “I little thought you “would have died a Sultan's death—but, “thank God it is no worse;” and kicking Petit's hair about,—“I wish it was your “rascally head, you infamous scoundrel.” Buxar continued storming and swearing, till Albert, surprised at the strange uproar he was making, went to inquire what was the reason of it; which as soon as Buxar had told him, a dreadful presentiment filled his mind; and, ordering his horse, he galloped to Risa as fast as he could.

He

He found her seated on a couch, with a little table before her, on which one of her arms was leaning, and her hand supporting her head; and in the other a cup of coffee, which she was just raising to her lips. "Set it down—do not drink it!" hastily exclaimed Albert, as he entered the room. She did so, with a trembling hand, and inquired what was the reason of his unexpected visit, and strange exclamation; but he, without attending to her questions, asked her if she had drank any coffee, and was relieved, when she assured him she had not, and added, that it had stood on the table for some time, but that her thoughts had been so much engaged, on a very serious subject, that she had almost forgotten it; for continued she, "I was reflecting on the brevity of life, and the certainty of death."—"If I did not fear to shock you too much, beloved Rifa," said he, embracing her, "I would tell you what nearly happened to me just now."—"As I know you are safe," replied she, "I have courage to hear every thing." His relation was interrupted by the shrieks of Chevalier,

Chevalier, Risa's lap-dog, who had jumped from the couch to the table, while they were speaking, and had drank the greatest part of the coffee. "Good God!" said Albert, clasping his hands in agony, "like-wise poison! You were to die with me; this attempt is too diabolical to pass unnoticed, I must and will be revenged on the author of it." Risa's eyes were fixed on the dog, and the tears started from them, when she saw the pain he suffered. "Poor beast," said she, "see what agonies he is in; and if it had not been for you, Albert, his situation would have been mine; for I should have drank the poisonous mixture, if you had not prevented me the moment you did.—What a cruel destiny is mine! for instead of communicating happiness to those I love, persecution and death is the reward of their affection."

Albert. "Who made the coffee?"

Risa. "I do not know."

Albert. "I beg you will inquire, and likewise, be careful what you eat and drink; for as the danger increases, your caution must do the same."

Sophia

Sophia entered, and was surprised to find Albert and Rifa so agitated. "I cannot conceive," said she, "what is the matter with every body to-day, for you both look like the picture of woe; and our new house-maid has been wringing her hands, and crying for this half hour, as if her heart would break.—I went to her, and inquired what ailed her, but, without answering me, she ran down stairs, as if she was wild; and when I sent to look for her, she was no where to be found."

Albert. "Which of your maids is it?"

Rifa. "One you never saw—she only came last night.—The Countess Teresa recommended her to me."

Albert. "And I suppose she made your coffee?"

Sophia. "Yes."

Albert, (pointing to the dog) "Look, Sophia, what was intended for our Rifa. (Sophia trembled) had I been a moment later, Sophia! Sophia! she would have been no more.—Why did that infernal fiend take a female form? for, what
3 "would

“ would I not give, to be able to punish
 “ her as she deserves.”

Sophia. “ Compose yourself, Major; and
 “ be assured, that for the present, I will
 “ prepare every thing Risa eats—she shall
 “ take nothing that I will not first taste.—
 “ You will trust me, I hope ?”

Albert. “ Yes, Sophia ! for one that
 “ loves like you, can neither be bribed to
 “ do a mean, nor a wicked action.—I
 “ therefore trust my all, my Risa, to your
 “ care—watch over her with the most anx-
 “ ious solicitude ; and assure yourself of
 “ my eternal gratitude.”

They again sent to inquire after the girl,
 but neither she, nor Petit was ever heard
 of more.

Risa and Sophia had the greatest diffi-
 culty to pacify Albert, for his rage exceeded
 description; but at last they succeeded so far,
 as to make him promise, that he would not
 mention the affair to any one, nor take
 any other revenge on that infamous wo-
 man, than by treating her with the con-
 tempt she deserved. “ This very hour she
 “ shall be informed of my sentiments,” said
 he,

he, foaming with passion; and they in vain endeavoured to prevail on him, to defer his intention of going to her, till he was more composed—his resolution was not to be altered.

Teresa was impatiently expecting the arrival of Petit, to whom she had that morning given her express orders, to administer the dose, if possible, that day. The girl had, likewise, received the same commands, and of her punctuality she had no doubt; as she knew she had no obstacles to encounter. She was, therefore, throwing herself from one chair to another, in a restless, impatient manner, when Major de Nordenchild was announced. On hearing his name, she started as if she had seen a spectre. I believe, for my torment, he is immortal, thought she; and before she was determined whether she would receive him or not, he entered the room. “There was a time,” said he, as he did so, “that I was a welcome visitor to the Countess Teresa; then the ceremony of being announced was thought unnecessary; but that happy time is over, and the sight of me always

“ways makes her tremble.” Terefa recovered herself as he spoke, for his manner was so free from embarrassment, that she fancied herself undiscovered; and to conceal the uneasiness she felt, she loaded him with civilities and flattery, which he repaid with interest. When he found he had lulled her fears, and awakened the hope in her bosom, that her charms had again fixed the attention of his roving heart, he pulled out his handkerchief, and fanning himself with it, complained of excessive heat. “Will you permit me to call for a glass of lemonade,” said he. She rung for it, and when the servant presented it to him, he ordered him to drink some of it. The man did as he was bid, and Albert asked him what countryman he was—“A Saxon, replied he.”—“If I had known that, friend, I should not have tried you,” said Albert.—He drank the remainder of the lemonade, and threw a ducat into the glass, to make some amends, as he said, to the servant, for the unjust suspicions he had entertained of him; and turning to Terefa (who was sitting on the couch,

couch, in death-like agonies—despair and shame painted on every feature; and large drops of cold sweat rolling down her forehead) said, “How well these flowing ringlets become you, Countess,” and he rolled a curl round his finger, as he spoke. “What a pity it is, that what nature formed perfect, should be spoiled by art; but your beautiful hair reminds me of a favour I have to beg of you.—My cousin Selina arrived in town last night, and as she is to appear at court to-morrow, she begs that you will allow your friseur to dress her; as she knows no one on whose taste she can depend so well as your’s.” Teresa’s agonies increased as he spoke—she attempted to answer him, but shame and conscious guilt almost choked her. Albert, without seeming to notice her confusion, continued—“I did not rightly understand you, Madam, but I think you said he was run away; if he is, it would be droll enough, if he was gone off with the foolish girl you recommended to the Landgravine; for she is likewise absconded, and nobody can tell what is become

“ of her.”—“ Absconded! do you say,”
 replied Teresa, gasping for breath, “ I hope
 “ not—I am sure I thought her a good
 “ girl, or I would not have recommended
 “ her.”—“ There is no doubt of her being
 “ good, for you sent her,” said Albert,
 bowing; “ but she made such devilish bad
 “ coffee for the Landgravine this after-
 “ noon, that the very taste of it killed her
 “ dog.” Albert fixed his eyes attentively
 on the Countess as he spoke, and perceiv-
 ed, that every feature of her once lovely
 face was distorted by rage and guilt—he
 looked at her for some moments with dis-
 gust and disdain, and after a long pause,
 said, “ I am revenged, Countess—deeds
 “ like your’s are easier committed than
 “ concealed—I pity you, from my soul;
 “ for not all the treasures the universe has
 “ to offer, should bribe me to endure for
 “ one moment, the anguish, shame, and
 “ remorse, that will be your constant com-
 “ panions through life.—I leave you to
 “ your own reflections,” continued he,
 taking up his hat and cane, “ may they be
 “ as entertaining as you deserve—from me
 “ you

“you have nothing more to fear ; for upon
 “my honour I shall never mention a transac-
 “tion that would make me blush for you :
 “besides, you are too much an object of
 “contempt, to be one of revenge to me.”
 So saying, he left the room. Teresa tore
 her hair, and stormed like a frantic crea-
 ture. In the height of her despair, she
 took a similar dose to those she had pre-
 pared for Albert and Risa, and mixing it
 with water, hastily lifted it to her lips, re-
 solved not to survive the disgrace she had
 met with : but before she swallowed it, a
 ray of hope glanced across her mind, and
 prevented her putting her design into exe-
 cution. Perhaps, thought she, I may still
 find the means of punishing him in a more
 exemplary manner, at least I will attempt
 it. She, therefore, deliberately threw away
 the potion she had prepared with haste,
 and endeavoured to compose her spirits as
 well as she could.

An opportunity, favourable to her wishes,
 happened soon after their last interview ;
 for the gathering storm that had threaten-
 ed Nordia so long now burst ; and be-

cause Albert was an honest man, and Hector's friend, he was torn away with it. Albert and Brambier, (an officer in his regiment) had spent an agreeable day with the Prince, at Hirsa; and as they were going to take leave of him in the evening, he took a hand of each, and said, "One of you must remain with me, unless I deceived myself, when I thought that a Prince could have friends.—The plan that I have long formed is now ripe for execution; but one friend, in whom I can safely confide, is necessary—" Which of you has courage enough to follow me?" They both exclaimed together, "I," Hector pressed their hands, and said, "I flattered myself you would answer in this manner, for I am convinced of your attachment to my person, and could I avoid it, I would comprise neither of you in my misfortunes, although to say the truth, I do not know, whether he that goes, or he that remains, is safest—therefore, chance may decide your fate.—I am not unacquainted with the greatness of the sacrifice I require, for you both have ties

" that

“that attach you to Nordia.—Brambier, I
 “feel for your wife and family; and Nor-
 “denchild, for your heart.” He went to
 his writing table, and rolled up two slips
 of paper—they drew, and the lot to ac-
 company him fell to Brambier’s share. “If
 “you have any message to town,” said
 Hector, “the Major will deliver it for
 “you; for I must beg of you not to leave
 “me.”—“Nothing,” said he, laying
 down his hat and sword, “but to go
 “to my wife to-morrow, and with my love,
 “desire her to go, with her children, to
 “our country seat, as soon as she can.”
 It was extremely painful to Albert, to
 leave his friends in such a cruel state of
 uncertainty—“At least relieve my sus-
 “pense,” said he, “by informing me of
 “the steps you mean to take.”—“It is
 “better for you, my dear Nordenchild,”
 said the generous Hector, “not to know
 “them: as it is not in your power to be
 “of any service to me, why should I in-
 “volve you in my ruin.—Your entire ig-
 “norance of all that concerns me, for the
 “future, will be your best preservative;
 “and I hope you will be able to exculpate

“ yourself for the past—farewell, Norden-
“ shield, till happier times we are dead to
“ each other.” He shook his hand, and
they parted. Albert passed the remainder
of the evening with Risa—he did all in his
power to appear cheerful, but she soon
perceived the deceit, and endeavoured to
prevail on him to tell her the cause of his
uneasiness; but her efforts were vain. “To-
“ morrow morning, my dearest Risa, you
“ shall be acquainted with it, but in the mean
“ time, let me beg of you to be perfectly
“ easy; for I swear to you that it neither
“ concerns you, nor myself.”

Never did time appear so endless as that
night to Risa—restless and uneasy, she
threw herself about her bed; for her mind
was tormented by a quick succession of
gloomy thoughts--each thought more vague
and frightful, than the last that chased it.
At last the long-wished-for morn, that was
either to disperse, or confirm her fears, ap-
peared; and the news she soon heard, that
the Prince had privately left Barenau, was
a dagger to her heart; for notwithstanding
Albert's assurances to the contrary, she
knew

knew it would be attended with dangerous consequences to him, and that the weight of the blow that would be directed to Hector, would first crush Albert.

That, and several of the following days, were marked by terror and disorder. Arno's rage bordered on madness; and he swore, in the most solemn manner, that the heads of those who had any knowledge, or were any way accessory to his son's scandalous desertion, should pay for the affront he had received. Many heads seemed to totter; for even a smile, or a significant nod, was thought a sufficient cause of accusation; and the innocent, as well as the guilty, trembled. Those that were avowedly of the Prince's party, sought their safety in flight: in short, the whole country exhibited one continued scene of confusion.—But no event could be so agreeable as this was to Albert's enemies. “Now we shall be rid of him,” said they, “he must be concerned in this affair, let him extricate himself if he can; if he does, nothing but the destruction of the world itself has power to subdue him.” Teresa was half

frantic with joy—smiles that had been long banished, now appeared again on her face, and the thoughts of Albert dying on the scaffold, by the executioner's hand, and Rifa, in despair, danced in her imagination, and filled her mind with rapture. Servants of those that were interested in his fate, were sent to walk backwards and forwards in the street he lived in, to watch all that passed, and to bring word the moment they saw the guard enter his house, that was to convey him to prison. But how mortified were their employers, when they returned with the news, that the Major was just rode out of the town, with his regiment, as usual. Teresa cried for vexation; and she, and the rest, met in private, to inquire what could be the meaning of it, and to consult what was to be done. They all agreed, that it surpassed their comprehension, that the most guilty person should be suffered to remain at liberty—each one advised the other to endeavour to discover the King's opinion, and to hint to him their suspicion of Albert's guilt; but no one chose to do it themselves;
for

for to insinuate any thing against him, was always attended with danger; and now that every other word that Arno pronounced was a sentence of death or banishment, they did not know how they might fare: and the end of their deliberation was, that they must patiently wait the event; a determination by no means agreeable to Teresa, who, rather than an executioner should have been wanting, would have officiated in his stead. She assured them, that their procrastination would be fatal to their cause, for that Albert would gain time thereby to declare himself of the King's party, and by doing so, would entirely frustrate their plan. They unanimously agreed, that it would be a dreadful stroke to their cause; but as fear and self-love predominated in every heart, and out-weighed every other consideration, the company parted without coming to any determination.

Hector's plan to free himself from the slavish shackles of a court, where he could neither speak, nor act with freedom; where all his words and actions were

watched by servile hypocrites, who for the basest purposes endeavoured, and succeeded in alienating his father's heart from him, and rendering him an object of fear and distrust, was, through a combination of unfortunate events, become totally impracticable. I shall pass them over in silence, as most likely Arno's future biographer will, although they might serve as a beacon, to warn Princes of the danger that attends placing too much confidence in interested favourites, who often pervert their best designs, and who, had they followed the impulse of nature, and their own hearts, would have been fathers, where they now are despotic tyrants.

When Arno was informed of Hector's intentions (which) although by no means dangerous to Barenau) he called it a treasonable design against his person and country; and death was to be the punishment of his crime, as soon as he had him in his power. The severity of his sentence occasioned the sincerest sorrow to those, whose hearts were still alive to the feelings of humanity; and many were the applica-
tions

tions that were made to Arno, to retract it. Risa, among the rest, kneeled to him, but kneeled in vain. Albert, with the most persuasive eloquence endeavoured to awaken his heart to the feelings of nature and justice; but his heart was become as callous as an inquisitor's; nothing seemed to have any effect on it, and many were the tears that were shed in private for Hector's unhappy fate.

Albert, notwithstanding the frequent repulses he had met, continued to plead his friend's cause with unremitting diligence; and, in a happy moment, succeeded so far, as to prevail on the King, to promise that he would not attempt his life. But as soon as Albert's triumph was known in the cabinet, a panic seized every heart; for they thought, if once they got rid of Hector, the other would be easily subdued, but now they found they should have them both to encounter again: for the grant of his life they looked on as the first step towards a reconciliation; and if that was effected, their ruin was certain. To prevent it, therefore, every thing must be ven-

tured, for their all was at stake. The union of Hulm and Barenau, they knew to be Arno's hobby-horse, that was therefore the bait they must make use of, and they soon found a favourable opportunity of trying their skill ; for on the King's happening to mention his favourite project to one of them, a significant shrug of the shoulder was all his reply. Arno's curiosity was excited, and he insisted on knowing the meaning of it. With apparent reluctance, hints, and broken sentences, he gave him to understand his fears—that Albert and the Prince acted in conjunction ; and that, although the intended plan was delayed, it was not renounced ; and that Hulm was the promised reward of Albert's attachment.

Arno's eyes seemed instantly opened—the mist that had clouded them so long, was dispersed, and the dreadful truth forced itself on his mind—numberless circumstances, that he had not attended to before, confirmed his suspicions, and Albert's guilt appeared as clear as the sun at noon day. “ I cannot forgive you,” said he, “ for
suffering

suffering me to be the dupe of that traitor
 “so long; but I will now trample on the
 “viper, that I have hitherto nourished in
 “my bosom.” They did not give him
 time to cool, proof followed proof; and
 how did Teresa exult that morning, when
 Count de Prascha, as he returned from the
 cabinet, called on her, and shewed her an
 order, signed by the King, to arrest Albert.
 “My dear, dear Count,” said she, em-
 bracing him, “put it into execution im-
 “mediately; for I shall never enjoy a mo-
 “ment’s comfort whilst he lives.

Albert spent the greatest part of the day
 in which his enemies triumphed, with Risa;
 for as he had no particular business in town,
 he went to her earlier than usual. The sa-
 tisfaction he felt at having mitigated the
 King’s anger against his unfortunate friend,
 and the hope that Hector’s affairs would
 soon take a more favourable turn—the
 company of his beloved Risa, and the
 fineness of an autumnal day, after several
 rainy ones, contributed to make it appear
 one of the happiest he had ever spent.
 Risa, although possessed of all her heart
 desired,

desired, the company of Albert, could not conquer a depression of spirits she could assign no reason for. After dinner, Albert proposed walking in the garden, thinking the air would relieve her oppressed mind. She, with pleasure, complied with his desire; but in spite of their united efforts, nothing but gloomy ideas presented themselves to her imagination; and the leaves of her favourite apple-tree, which fell into her lap, as they sat under it, increased her melancholy presentiments. Albert laughed at them, and did all in his power to amuse her; and at last succeeded so well, that a smile appeared on her lovely countenance. After sitting some time, Albert happened to turn his head towards the garden gate, perceived Rush running towards him, in the greatest haste, and by the wildness of his looks, he was certain he was the messenger of disagreeable tidings. He made a motion with his hand for him to stop, and went to him. Risa followed him with her eyes, and saw that he spoke a few hasty words to his servant, and then dismissed him; but what caught her

her

her attention most, was the hurry Ruth was in to return, for instead of going out of the gate, he jumped over a hedge that was nearer, and was out of sight in a minute. Albert returned with the same composure he had left her, and after pausing for a moment, he took her hand, and pressing it to his lips, said, "You have often, my dear Risa, during the time I have had the honour of being acquainted with you, had occasion to remind me of the resolution we formerly took, of endeavouring to bear the evils that might befall us, without sinking under them. Will you now permit me to repeat them to you, and I hope you have confidence enough in heaven to support a disagreeable trial."

Risa. "I hope I have! But tell me, Albert, what misfortune has happened to you? for that it only concerns yourself, your composure tells me—speak, for I am prepared for the worst."

Albert. "Major Felix was at my lodging to inquire for me, and on not finding me, has followed me to your house;
"there-

“therefore the urgent business he has
 “with me, is most likely to demand my
 “sword.”

Risa. “You see, Albert, that my fears
 “you so often laughed at were not without
 “foundation.”

Albert. “All I am afraid of is, that
 “they have orders to seize my papers, and
 “I should be extremely sorry if Amelia’s
 “letter was to fall into their hands.”

Risa. “I do not recollect there being
 “any thing in it that can injure you.”

Albert. “Yes, there is, for you are
 “mentioned in it.”

Risa. “The farce we have hitherto at-
 “tempted to act is now over, for to affect
 “concealment any longer would be ridi-
 “culous; and for the future, the hitherto
 “timid Risa will act as becomes the heiress
 “of Hulm.”

Albert. “As I am convinced of your
 “prudence, I shall not take the liberty of
 “advising you. But one favour I have to
 “beg of you, Risa, and that you must
 “promise me; it is, that you will not
 “stoop to make any improper concessions

“on

“on my account, for your doing so
 “would embitter every moment of my
 “future life.”

Rifa. (smiling.) “I promise I will not, for
 “you are of too much value to be purchased
 “by meanness. But there is one thing I
 “can, and will do, if matters come to ex-
 “tremities.”

Albert. (impatiently.) “What is it?”

Rifa. “Purchase you by resigning Hulm
 “to Arno.”

Albert. “You will make me vain, *Rifa*.
 “Am I of consequence enough to enrich
 “kings for?”

Rifa. “Yes, *Albert* (embracing him)
 “to be happier than they.”

As they approached the house, Falk, who had been standing at the door, met and told them there were some soldiers coming; they looked out, and heard the officer command the guards to surround the house, for he had been told that Nordenschild would in all probability endeavour to escape, and that he must take care to prevent his doing so. *Albert* stepped up to him and said, “If it is me you want,
 “Major,

“Major, I am sorry you think all these
 “preparations necessary—here I am, ready
 “to obey you.”

Felix endeavoured to excuse himself to
 Albert and the Landgravine, for the disa-
 greable task he was obliged to perform,
 and held the order he had received to the
 former, who, without looking at it, said,
 “your word is sufficient, here is my
 “sword.”

Risa. “Shall I order a carriage to take
 “you to town?”

Albert. “That does not depend on me;
 “for I am Major Felix’s prisoner.”

Felix. “If your Highness pleases; for
 “I believe I can answer for permitting
 “Major de Nordenschild going to town in
 “a carriage.”

Albert. “If I thought you ran any risk
 “in doing so, I would not accept of your
 “offer. But if you wish to gain the fa-
 “vour of certain persons belonging to the
 “court, you must lead me on foot through
 “every street of the town.”

Felix. “I shall do my duty, without
 “any regard to private interest. Will
 “your

“ your Highness have the goodness to order a coach ? ”

Risa did so, and at the same time told the servant to bring some refreshments, which the Major and Albert partook of, while the carriage was getting ready ; and the cheerfulness of the latter during the repast, was such as to make Risa for a moment forget her fears. But when she heard the coach drive up to the door, her courage forsook her, and she turned as pale as death. Albert perceived by the change of her countenance the conflict that past in her heart, turned to the Major, and with a severe tone of voice, said, “ Never can our persecutors repay me for the anguish this angel suffers—but the time may come that I may demand it.” Felix shook his head and replied, “ I am not unacquainted with their reasons. “ Our King is the best of men, as long as “ personal interest is out of question, but “ that predominates too powerfully in his “ heart, and conquers every noble sentiment ; and another misfortune is, that “ he places too implicit a confidence on
“ those

“ those that surround him, who are generally influenced more by private pique or interest, than by public good, and which many an honest man must suffer for.” Felix took up his hat, and Albert did the same, and looking at Risa, saw a tear starting into her eye. “ For shame,” said he, “ will you make the triumph of our enemies complete ?” Risa smiling through her tears, asked Felix if she might give his prisoner a parting kiss. “ A thousand if you please,” replied he, “ and if you will accept it of this,” offering her Albert’s sword, “ with them.” — “ No, Major !” said she, pushing it back, “ I thank you for the confidence you place in me, but will not make any use of it ; for thank God, I have it in my power to demand the restitution of it with honour.” — “ Angelic Risa !” said Albert, embracing her with rapture ; “ most perfect of your sex, reality of the ideal being my youthful fancy formed, farewell ! Look at her, Major, and say, can you blame me for adoring her ! you are at liberty to acquaint whoever you please

"please with what you see and hear, for
 "we no longer intend keeping our love a
 "secret. No! the knowledge of it shall
 "wring the hearts of our persecutors with
 "rage and despair, while, should we ever
 "have the power, we will no otherwise
 "revenge ourselves on them, than by re-
 "paying them with good for the evil
 "they intended us." He embraced Rifa
 again, and with hasty steps left the room.
 Felix kissed Rifa's hand, and as he fol-
 lowed Albert, said, "I had rather been
 "sent to the storming of a town than
 "here."

As they were stepping into the carriage,
 a man on horseback, with a led horse,
 galloped up to them, and gave Albert a
 letter. "Am I permitted to read it?"
 said he; the Major bowed, and he open-
 ing it, found the contents as follows:

"If you wish to retain your liberty,
 "mount the horse I send you, and follow
 "the bearer of this immediately, for if you
 "delay a moment, your ruin is certain.
 "Your foes are numerous, and will leave
 "no means untried to complete your de-
 "struction:

“struction : but, above all, it is the
“Countess Teresa you have reason to fear;
“she is a monster in a human shape. I
“have reasons for saying so, for I know
“and detest her iniquitous designs—there-
“fore beware of her. I thought she would
“have burst with vexation this morning
“when I declared myself your friend, and
“said iron truths to her, such as she is
“not accustomed to hear. Was I still in
“Nordia, my condemnation would be the
“same as your’s, but I am out of her
“power, and wish you to be the same;
“therefore follow my advice, and absent
“yourself till you can return in safety.
“For my part, my resolution is fixed,
“never to see it again ; for God preserve
“me from a court where an honest man’s
“life is not safe !

“ROLLO.”

“My compliments to your master,”
said Albert, “and I thank him for his in-
“formation and advice, but which, was it
“in my power, would be contrary to my
“principles to follow, and that I wish him

“a plea-

“a pleasant journey.” He made the servant a present, and tearing the letter into little bits, which he threw out of the window for the passing winds to disperse, and again pressing Rifa’s hand to his lips, the coach drove on, and he with the greatest serenity attended the fate that awaited him.

Rifa, whose fears were a little abated by the composure Albert had shewn, was again greatly alarmed when the carriage came back, and the coachman informed her that he had taken the Major to the fortress; but the arrival of Rush, who entered almost at the same moment with his master’s pocket-book, was some small consolation to her. She immediately looked for Amelia’s letter, which she had the satisfaction of finding, and likewise some from the Prince, which, although they could not have proved dangerous to Albert, might have increased Hector’s difficulties.

Rush informed her that all his master’s effects were sealed, and if he had been a minute later, he should not have been able to have saved the letters; he likewise
added,

added, that he and all his fellow-servants had received orders not to leave Nordia, and that none of them were permitted to attend him: he said he had just met Buxar, who had followed his master to the fortrefs, but that he had not been allowed to speak to him, although he had offered to do so in the presence of as many witnesses as they chose, as all he wanted with him was, to inquire what he was to do with the new horses he had bought of the post-master of Soden, and which he had just sent.

All these circumstances were painful to Rifa, and her heart was rent by the most anxious inquietude. Buxar came to her palace to look for Rush, and she hearing them disputing, sent for him to come to her. Buxar entered muttering, and seemingly out of humour, with God, the world, and himself, as he said, because the horses were come, and he did not know where they were to stand, nor if he was to order a livery for the new coachman who was come with them. "And is that the only cause of your uneasiness?" said Rifa.—"And enough too, I think, replied he; "besides, the horses

"are not paid for : but I believe the best thing I can do, will be to go home and write to my old master about them."

Rifa. "He will be very much frightened when he hears of his son's detention."

Buxar. "Not he—he will only laugh at it—such things do not frighten us. If I only knew what I was to do with the poor horses !"

Rifa told him to put them in her stable, and to give the bill to her steward, who should discharge it; and likewise to order the coachman's livery, and to come to her for every thing they wanted during their master's confinement. Buxar stared at her.—"I understand you," said she, "but what the world says, or thinks, is of no consequence. You may tell every body that your master's horses are in my stable, and come to me here, or in town, as often as you will."

Buxar left her wondering what would be the end of all this, and Rifa endeavoured to compose herself as well as she could, that she might be able to write a

letter of some consequence to her confidential minister at Hulm.

But had she known the persecution Albert suffered that evening, she would not have been able to have done so. For as soon as Arno heard that Albert was at the fortress, he ordered Prascha to attend him to the governor's house, for that he was determined to speak to Nordenschild, that he might convince himself of his guilt, and that he was unworthy of the uneasiness he felt on his account. This proposal was by no means agreeable to the party, who knew the influence he had over Arno's mind, and they began to fear their schemes would again prove unsuccessful, and that the object of their hatred would return in triumph with the King. But their fears were this time as vain as their hopes had often proved, for Albert pronounced his own sentence; he spoke the genuine language of his heart, without the least retrospection to his present circumstances, and convinced of his innocence, he bore unmoved the scrutinizing glance of Arno's eye, and the malicious satisfaction that

Prascha's

Prascha's farcastic smiles expressed. "What
 "would Casper say, was he to see you
 "here?" said Arno, in a contemptuous
 manner.

Albert. "He would pity me, and say,
 "let us retire to the deserts, my son, and
 "cultivate the friendship of bears and
 "tygers, for friends are not to be found in
 "Barenau."

Arno. "Is a truth that you have made
 "me severely feel; you, who possessed
 "my entire confidence—whom I would
 "have trusted with my kingdom—with
 "my life—to prove a rebellious traitor!"

Albert. "Is my sentence already pro-
 "nounced?"

Arno. "Your arrogance will hasten it;
 "I expected submission, such as becomes
 "your present situation (he looked at Al-
 "bert as he spoke, who remained un-
 "moved) but as I find you are determined
 "to hasten your destruction—be it so.
 "Count Prascha, call my private secretary
 "in. (*To Albert.*) Were you acquainted
 "with my son's intention of leaving
 "Barenau?"

Albert. "No."

The King incensed at his laconic answer, continued to interrogate him in the most contemptuous manner. "I suppose," said he, "you will likewise deny having carried a message from that traitor Brambier to his wife, to desire her to go into the country?"

Albert. "I never deny the truth. I did so, by his desire, when I left him with the Prince at Hirsa."

Arno. "What was determined on that evening?"

Albert. "That is not in my power to inform your Majesty, for nothing was settled whilst I was there. I left the Prince with reluctance, for I perceived something was in agitation, but he refused to inform me what it was."

Prascha. "You own, then, that you knew something of the Prince's intention?"

Albert. (contemptuously) "Yes, Count, I own I did; and I likewise know what happened at Rasberg five years ago, but (re-

"(recovering his composure) you are not my judge, I suppose?"

Prascha was confused, the King looked at him, and then asked Albert with whom he corresponded at Amestria.

Albert. "With the youngest Count Hew."

Arno. "Your packets to him often contained more than letters?"

Albert. "Yes! for they were often accompanied with sketches of my drawings."

Arno. "Plans of my fortified places!"

Albert. (smiling) "No."

Arno. "I imagine your mirth will forsake you, when you are confronted by witnesses who can prove it."

Albert. "My never having taken any, will be a sufficient refutation."

Arno. "Were you any ways concerned, or did you expect to receive any advantage from the traiterous proceedings of my abandoned son?"

Albert. "Hector a traitor! an abandoned son! none can represent him to your Majesty in that manner but the

“most depraved—the most worthless hy-
“pocrites, whose abject souls fear his
“worth, as much as moles do day-light.
“But believe me, Sire, that son whom
“you so cruelly injure by unjust suspi-
“cions, will still become an object of
“terror or admiration to the whole world,
“and then his, and your enemies will
“tremble!”

Arno. “Although I forgive your ro-
“mantic folly, I will take care not to be
“a sufferer by it. Did you, I say, expect
“to receive any advantage from his rebel-
“lious proceedings?”

Albert. “None! my only wish was to
“effect a reconciliation between a father
“and son, who, blinded by prejudice, mis-
“took each other’s actions; but (sighing)
“my attempt has unfortunately failed.”

Arno ordered Prascha and the secretary
to leave the room, and when they were
alone, he said, “Endeavour to clear your-
“self as well as you can when you are
“tried, for as your’s is an offence against
“the state, you must abide by the decision
“of the judges. But there is one ques-
“tion

"tion I wish you to answer for my private
 "satisfaction; it has been hinted to me
 "that the Landgravine and you carry on
 "a secret correspondence together?"

Albert. "What the King knows can
 "hardly be called secret. I adore the
 "Landgravine, and am equally beloved
 "by her—nothing but death can separate
 "us, or weaken our affection."

Arno. (in a violent passion) "It is
 "true, then; and dare you own it to me,
 "presumptuous wretch! tremble at my
 "wrath, for you shall severely feel the ef-
 "fects of it."

Albert. (with composure) "He that
 "does not fear death, is not easily intimi-
 "dated."

Arno. "I know your sentiments—know
 "when you said the first Landgrave of
 "Hulm was but a nobleman.—Ungrateful
 "man!—is it thus you repay my friend-
 "ship! I know the obligations I am un-
 "der to your father, but your crimes
 "cancel, and will make me forget them;
 "(pauses) however, I will give you a
 "week to consider in, and if you will

“then relinquish your chimerical pretensions to the Landgravine, you may expect my further favour”—“My determination is already fixed,” replied Albert; “constancy till death is our motto.” Arno with a look, which if it had had the power of the basilisk, would have killed him on the spot, called to the guard. “I resign you to them, and to your fate,” said he, “for they that refuse to hear, must feel.”

Albert returned with them to his room, and conversed with them in his way there with as much composure as if nothing had happened.

Risa flattered herself with the pleasing hope that Albert's confinement would soon be over, for she was convinced of his entire innocence of the crimes alledged against him, and some letters she received from Hulm seemed to promise a fortunate and speedy termination of the affair. Yet although she had conquered her fears on his account, she sighed for the society of the man she loved, and the hours of absence dragged slowly on; the involuntary

tary tear would frequently steal into her eye, when memory recalled to her imagination scenes of past happiness.

Sophia felt and sympathized with her, but she could only drop, not pour the balm of comfort into her troubled mind. It is true, Risa's sorrows appeared trifling when compared to her's; but could a heart like Risa's receive consolation from the knowledge of her friend's misfortunes being greater than her own! She did all in her power to combat the enemies of her repose, for which purpose she often weighed her hopes and fears together, and was happy when she found the former preponderate;—flattering illusions, how soon they were dissipated!

The news that Brambier had received the sentence of death, which he soon after suffered, notwithstanding the stipulation of his life, was the only condition that Hector would accept of, for relinquishing his love, his hopes, and future expectations. But the thought of restoring his friend to an afflicted wife, and despairing family, conquered every selfish

thought, and Hector, without the least regard to himself, agreed to the proposals that were offered. But no sooner had he done so, than the King signed the condemnation of his friend; he was seized in Hector's presence, and led from thence to the place of execution, without his being able to save him.

When Risa heard this cruel news, with the addition that Nordenschild would soon share the same fate, her grief was beyond description. In the agony of despair she drove to Arno's palace, and ran to his apartment; she found him surrounded by his ministers, but regardless of their presence, she, in the most moving terms, prayed for Albert's release, and made proposals to him that made his resolutions waver. But the disapprobation that each face expressed, prevented his attending to them in a manner he most likely would have done, had he followed his own inclinations. At last tired of solicitations he was determined not to grant, he desired her to remember he was her guardian, and as such it was his duty to prevent her forming

ing

ing an alliance so improper for her, and disgraceful to him. She left him in a state of mind almost as perturbed as her own; for Risa in her anger had said things to him that he thought and hoped she had not been acquainted with, and the certainty of her being informed of them was by no means agreeable to him; but his servile favourites soon succeeded in quieting his fears, and Albert's situation remained unaltered.

The discontent and confusion that reigned in his regiment, when they heard of his confinement, was so great, that a mutiny was with difficulty prevented; for never did any officer possess the love and esteem of those under his command in a greater degree than Albert did. With them Risa's conduct was such as to deserve the greatest applause, for she did all in her power to suppress the discontents that predominated, although it would have been for her interest to promote them; for not even to have saved Albert's life would she have had recourse to so criminal an action as to stimulate rebellion; her endeavours

fortunately succeeded, and peace was again restored. At court she was become an object of wonder and surprise, for deeds like her's, surpassed their comprehension; but as every noble action was regarded with a jaundiced eye there, so her's were likewise suspected. Her perspicuity soon discovered that she was become an unwelcome guest; but as she was determined not to understand hints, she was told in plainer terms, that for her own security she had better return to Hulm for some time. Her reply was, "that she was determined to be the last of Nordenschild's friends that quitted Nordia." And for the future she frequented court oftener, and took more state on her than she had ever done before; and to encourage Albert's party to persevere in their endeavours, she publicly declared herself the head of it, and did all in her power to gain some certain accounts of him, but her endeavours were fruitless.

In vain did Buxar and Falk lurk about the fortress day and night, and tried the usual means of bribery and persuasion to
speak,

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speak, or get a letter conveyed to him, and they began to fear that the report that prevailed in town that he had been privately executed, was but too well founded.

One morning, after a night spent in vain attempts, Buxar went to the Landgravine to give her an account of his ill success. "He is dead, Buxar!" said she, and the agony she was in, too plainly shewed she would not long survive the confirmation of her fears. "He is not dead," replied Buxar, stamping on the ground, and stroaking his beard; "nor can he die, while Casper, I, and a woman lives.—Casper's name pronounced by her must move his heart."

Risa. "His heart is much too callous to receive impressions from any voice."

Buxar. "But he cannot be deaf to the voice of nature."

Risa. "Fear is the only sensation such monsters feel; was Casper the leader of an army that would follow him to victory or death, I should have some dependence

“pendence on him, but as it is, his inter-
“ference will avail but little.”

Buxar. “It will, though. But that he
“does not come to our assistance, is what
“puzzles me; he certainly does not think
“the danger so great as it is; but if he
“does not come soon, I shall break out
“myself, and then you shall hear what
“Buxar knows.”

Rifa. “Know what you will, I am cer-
“tain they will not rest till he is dead—
“perhaps this hour is his last.”

Buxar. “Then they will never rest
“again, that I can tell them; for if he
“had grasped at Arno’s crown, he could
“not condemn him; a secret rests in this
“bosom—no, he cannot die!”

Rifa. “Good God! Buxar, how can
“you so confidently assert a thing so con-
“trary to reason!”

Buxar. (hastily) “Why, do you think
“Arno could have signed the sentence of
“Prince Hector’s death?”

Rifa looked at him with surprise, and
Sophia, who had been walking up and
down the room whilst they were speaking,
gave

gave a loud shriek, and threw herself into a chair. Risa thought that the quick succession of disagreeable news that had chased each other the whole day, had been too much for her weak nerves, and had occasioned a fit, ran to her assistance. But she was mistaken, for Sophia was never more perfectly mistress of her senses than at that moment. "What a thought has just started into my mind," said she; "a prince banished me from my cradle, and my father's house, said Herman once to me as I was inquiring after his origin—more was not in his power to inform me. Be honest, Buxar," taking his hand, "and tell me if Casper has another son?"—"Because I am honest," replied he, "I dare not answer you, but if my master mounts the scaffold you shall hear more—but," throwing himself at the Landgravine's feet, "if your Highness does not wish me to hang myself, forget what I have said." Risa promised him never to mention it, as did Sophia, and he left them in the greatest haste and confusion.

The

The ladies looked at each other, and wondered what would be the explication of an enigma that their comprehension could not fathom.

Public demonstrations of joy were forbidden when Hector returned, but pleasure was visible on the countenances of many, and notwithstanding the precautions that were taken to prevent it, the satisfaction the army felt at the return of him, who they knew would in future times immortalize the name of Barenau and its heroes, could neither be prevented nor concealed; Their joy was loud and tumultuous, and had Hector chosen to have made use of the favourable opportunity, he could have commanded to-day what yesterday was refused to his intreaties. But a step of that kind he detested, and was determined that nothing should force him to make use of it, but the failure of every other attempt to save his friend's life.

The ministry saw and trembled at the power Hector had over the soldiers. Orders were sent to put a stop to their clamorous rejoicings; they succeeded in silencing

silencing them, but the effusions of their hearts they could not suppress.

Hector appeared but seldom in public, and when he did, the discontent that was strongly marked on every feature of his expressive countenance, plainly shewed the discontent that rancoured in his heart. He spoke but little, yet his contracted brow, which seemed to meditate revenge, often made the servile crowd tremble. Every well-disposed person thought, and hoped, his return would be serviceable to Albert; but their wish and expectation seemed equally vain; for as the number of accusations that were alledged against him, increased daily, it was feared, his falling a sacrifice to faction was unavoidable.

Risa impatiently waited for the return of a messenger she had sent to Hulm, to hasten the interference of her ministry; and Buxar, with equal impatience, waited for Casper's arrival, which he knew would end their fears. "I can no longer support the agony I suffer," said Risa to Sophia, one evening, the day of which had been spent in the most cruel suspense; "I must, and will,

“will, endeavour to see him—perhaps for
 “the last time!” Sophia, terrified at her
 intention, did what she could to prevail on
 her to alter it. “It is impossible for your
 “Highness to go out to-night,” said she;
 “for it thunders and rains prodigiously.”
 “—That nature revolts at a deed, which
 “wicked men rejoice at, will not pre-
 “vent me,” replied she; “for I know this
 “night will be the last of his life!” So-
 phia remonstrated; told her the danger she
 would have to encounter, and the utter
 impossibility of her succeeding. “Nothing
 “is impossible,” said Risa, “but my liv-
 “ing in the suspense I am in at present.”
 She put on her riding habit, and wrapping
 herself in a large cloak, tenderly embraced
 her weeping friend, and went through the
 back door, with Falk, who was the only
 one that knew of her design.

The whole town seemed to be in confu-
 sion; numbers of soldiers were standing in
 small parties about the streets, whispering
 to each other, in a mysterious manner;
 and as she attentively listened as she passed,
 she heard one say—“Yes, the trumpeters
 “are

"are waiting for orders;" and a little further, two shaking hands together: "Remember," said one, "the report of the cannon is the signal." "I understand you," was the answer; and she passed on. The nearer she approached to the fortress, the more violently her heart palpitated, and when she had nearly gained the outer gate, a man, with hasty strides, overtook, and passed her; who, although he was muffled up in a cloak, which, and his hat, entirely concealed his face, she knew, by his walk, to be Hector. She ran up to him, and taking hold of his arm, said, "I know you will excuse me, for you have loved!"—"Once," said he, "I did, but far different thoughts fill my heart now—leave me."—Risa, throwing back her cloak, said, "Prince Hector."

Hector. For heaven's sake no names!—"our's are too dangerous to be mentioned. But what is the meaning of your question, and what brings you to this place?"

Risa. "To see Albert."

Hector. "Our intentions are the same, for I, likewise, want to see, and guard
"him;

"him; for I have reason to apprehend that
 "some mischief is intended him this night.
 "For my father has invited several of his
 "favourites to sup with him at the Grove
 "(a summer palace of Arno's near the
 "town) and I am told, they are endeavouring
 "to drown his senses in wine, which
 "if they succeed in, I have no doubt of
 "their prevailing on him, when in a state
 "of intoxication, to sign Albert's sentence
 "of death."

Risa. (terrified) "Do you really think
 "they will succeed?"

Hector. "I think, and fear every thing
 "that is bad.—But (after a pause) does any
 "other reason, than the desire of seeing
 "him, bring you here?"

Risa. "Alas! what other motive can I
 "have?"

Hector. "Then do you wait under those
 "willow trees, with your servant, till such
 "time, as I come to you; for I have no
 "doubt of gaining admittance for us both:
 "but before I attempt it, I must examine
 "some posts, and give some orders, to se-
 "cure my escape to Hunderith."

As

As he was speaking, a man, whose face was entirely concealed, passed him, and asked Hector if he had any other orders to give. "No!" replied he. "The firing of a cannon." "My dear Hector," said Risa, taking his hand—"tell me, what are your intentions?"

Hector. "Shall I be the unfortunate cause of the destruction of all my friends?" "No, Risa! I can support the agonies I have suffered for these several days, no longer—I have, therefore, made preparations for a deed, which, however, nothing but extreme necessity shall force me to commit—therefore, compose yourself." (Pressing her trembling hand to his heart.)

So saying, he left her, and she retired, with Falk, to the place where he had desired her to wait his return. Every door opened at Hector's approach, except the one that led to Albert. "Keep back!" said an old grenadier, "or,"—(presenting his musket.)

Hector. "Do you know who you are speaking to?"

Soldier.

Soldier. "I know who you are—know
" what I am, and by whose order I stand
" here."

Hector. "Arno is old."

Soldier. "I know it; and that, perhaps,
" you may be my King to-morrow; but,
" nevertheless I shall do my duty."

Hector. "Are you married?"

Soldier. "I have a wife, and six chil-
" dren."

Hector. "Let me pass, and I will pro-
" vide for them, as long as they live."

Soldier. "They may work, and earn
" their bread, as I do."

Hector. "Tremble at the wrath of your
" future King, who will punish your dis-
" bedience to your Prince."

Soldier. "Those that have faced the
" enemy in as many campaigns as I have,
" are strangers to fear: besides, as long as
" I know I do my duty, I need tremble at
" no one."

Hector went to Rifa, to consult with
her, what they should do. "I have done
" what I could to gain admittance, with-
" out succeeding," said he; "if you chuse
" to

“to try if the sentry will let you pass, I
 “will wait hereabout till you return, to
 “conduct you back in safety.”

She went, and employed every persuasion in her power, but with as little success as Hector had done. — “I know you,
 “my son, said the hard-hearted old man,
 “used to cut wood at your palace, and often
 “told me how pleased you looked, when
 “you walked in the garden with the Major; so I dare say you would be glad to
 “go to him, now he cannot come to you
 “—believe me, or not, it makes my heart
 “ache to refuse you, but I must do my
 “duty.” The tears rolled down Risa’s
 cheeks, as she turned sorrowfully from
 him. “Hift! hift!” said he. She turned
 back. “I will tell you what,” whispered
 he, “If you will wait till the clock strikes;
 “I shall be relieved, and may-be he that
 “takes my place, will let you pass.—If I
 “did not pity you, I should not have said
 “so much.” She returned to Hector, and
 they counted the tedious moments till the
 clock struck, and they saw the guard relieved.
 Fortunately for them, the next
 was

was less conscientious than the former, and intimidated by Hector's authoritative manner, he suffered him and his companion to pass. The iron bolts were undrawn, and they entered the dreary abode of their friend, and lover. They passed from sentry to sentry, without much difficulty, till they came to the door of Albert's room.—Hector forced the lock, the door flew open, and Risa was in Albert's arms, after a separation of seven tedious weeks; and to complete his joy, Hector was with him. Was any thing wanting to make this the happiest moment of his life? Yes, liberty! but which, at first, he did not feel the privation of—he forgot his confinement, forgot every disagreeable circumstance attending it, in the arms of his Risa, and his friend; and if he embraced them, it was the same to him, if it was in chains, or freedom. But when the first transport of joy was a little abated, he doubly felt the loss of the blessing he had so long sighed for—felt the horrors of his situation, which would be increased by the momentary pleasure he now enjoyed.

The

The storm was abated, and Arno, surrounded by those he took for his friends, (although heaven knows, that not one of them was really such) were sitting at supper at the Grove. Arno was out of spirits that evening—his wine would not relish, nor the mirth of his guests communicate itself to his heart; and he was lost in his own reflections, when a page entered, and delivered a letter to him—he opened it, and read the following words:

“As I have something of consequence to say to you, improper for your company to hear, I beg you will come into the garden, and speak to your

“CASPER.”

“Casper! Casper!” said he, rising from his seat, “thank God! the deed is not committed; for what answer should I have been able to have given you, when you asked me for your son?”—“Casper,” repeated every one, terrified at the name of him, who, although now but the shadow of his former self, had often made them tremble. They endeavoured to dissuade the King from going to him, pretending

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that the damp air would injure his health; for they well knew, that a private conference with Casper would be death to their hopes. "Would it not be better for your Majesty to speak to him here?" said one of them.—"What do you want to alienate my heart from him too," replied he, with a furious look; "Remember, you were enjoying your repose, when he ventured his life to save mine." Saying so, he left the room. Not far from the door a withered hand was offered to him—Arno seized it with pleasure, and said, "Welcome to Nordia, my friend."—"Good evening to you," replied Casper. When they were at some distance from the house, Arno said, "But what is the reason of your seeking me here this dreadful night, Casper?—I hope you have received my letter."

Casper. "Yes, I have received it; and what I want is Albert.—Heaven send I may not be too late."

Arno. "Poor Casper, how I pity you—he is, indeed, in a dangerous situation."

Casper. "What is he ill?"

Arno. "No! but my remonstrances have
 " hitherto had no effect on him—how wil-
 " lingly would I pardon him, would he
 " but listen to my advice; repent of
 " his crime, and promise not to repeat it;
 " but instead of contrition and remorse, he
 " arrogantly demands justice."

Casper. "I am glad of it—how exactly
 " does he answer the expectation I formed
 " of him: I predicted his fate would be
 " just what it is? for he is honest, and
 " you are surrounded by sycophants and
 " fawning parasites, who have already
 " tarnished the lustre of your youthful
 " days."

Arno. "You forget, Casper, whom you
 " are speaking to."

Casper. "I thought I was speaking to
 " my friend Arno, not to the King of Ba-
 " renau; but it is indifferent to me which
 " of them hears me; for he that has been
 " regardless of his life till eighty, will not
 " begin to set a value on it then."

Arno. "You misunderstand me, Cas-
 " per; but assure yourself, that your son's
 " situation is neither owing to misrepre-

“ sentation or injustice, but entirely to his
 “ own head-strong pride, which will nei-
 “ ther ask, nor receive a favour.”

Casper. “ That is the trait in his charac-
 “ ter that pleases me best ; for I should
 “ have been sorry had he implored one of
 “ you ; and despised him, had he meanly
 “ crept to your courtiers.—But you know,
 “ Arno, that I wield the sword better than
 “ the pen, and am, therefore, come to an-
 “ swer your letter in person.—I plainly see
 “ that Risa is the cause of all this bustle,
 “ and that you are unwilling to relinquish
 “ Hulm.—I suppose, Arno (after a pause)
 “ you will be ashamed to go to war with a
 “ girl ; and what else will be the end of
 “ your persevering in your present con-
 “ duct ? remember, her first loud com-
 “ plaint will arm all your enemies, who,
 “ glad of an opportunity of humbling you,
 “ will gladly embrace her cause, and re-
 “ new their former claims to your country.
 “ —Do you think, Arno, you are power-
 “ ful enough to engage with them all ?
 “ and if you are, will you chuse to sacrifice
 “ your troops for nothing ? for you must
 “ be

"be convinced, that you cannot be a
 "gainer by the war; as the most you can
 "hope, or expect, will be to retain your
 "present possessions, and that is very un-
 "certain.—Reflect yourself, if it will not
 "be better to pacify Risa by releasing Al-
 "bert; she will then remain attached to
 "you, and his service you will be able to
 "command, and, perhaps, you may soon
 "have occasion for it."

Arno. "I know I shall soon want men,
 "such as you were; but however that may
 "be, it is no longer in my power to re-
 "lease your son; for as I have resigned
 "him to the judges, the law must take its
 "course."

Casper. "It is not in your power to re-
 "lease him, do you say?—Poor Arno! you
 "are sunk very low indeed; for I find you
 "are no longer master of that country you
 "shed so much blood to conquer! (and he
 "turned from him as he spoke, to conceal
 "his vexation.) I suppose the letter, that
 "was to inform me of Arno's death is lost!
 "I shall inquire about it at the office, and
 "have the post-master punished for his
 O 3 "neglect.

“neglect.—Yes, Arno is certainly dead;
“had I known it sooner, the remembrance
“of him would have cost me many a tear;
“for his courage and stability were such,
“that nothing but death could subdue
“them!”

Arno. (confused) “But what would
“you have done, had you been in my
“place?—if your son had been a traitor,
“as mine was?”

Casper. “I perceive, Arno, you have
“the common infirmities of age, for your
“mind is weakened with your sight and
“hearing: although I am older than you,
“thank God! I still enjoy my mental fa-
“culties; and will tell you what I would
“have done, had I been in your place—I
“should have had those hanged, that
“wanted me to wear leading-strings; and
“confided in those that they represented as
“my enemies.”

Arno. “You are a terrible man, Casper,
“what eccentric thoughts you have!”

Casper. “I was so once, but now I can-
“not withstand a gust of wind.—But tell
“me, Arno, what were the sensations you
“felt

"felt for Albert the first time you saw him?
 "were they only such as one feels for a de-
 "serving stranger?"

Arno. "I loved the serpent with the
 "affection of a parent."

Casper. "I find you are doomed to mis-
 "take all your children's actions."

As Casper spoke the last words, he made a sign, and a woman came from behind a hedge, near the place where they had been talking. She approached the King with slow and measured steps, and when near him, threw herself at his feet, and with a trembling, scarce articulate voice, said,
 "Arno, Arno!"

Arno. (surprised) "Who is this woman?
 "what does she want?"—"My son!" said she, with a faint voice.

Casper. (throwing her veil back) "Look
 "at her."

Arno. "Julia!"

Julia. (clasping his knees) "My son!
 "Arno."

Arno. "Casper, what is the meaning of
 "this tragic-comedy?"

Casper. "I am sorry you think it such—
"is your heart quite silent, Arno? does
"not nature speak? or do you stifle its
"voice?—did you never observe the brown
"mark over his left eye?"

Arno. "Oh God! he is my son—my
"heart tells me he is, (trembling) gracious
"heaven! had I signed his condemnation,
"distraction would have been my fate."

Casper. "I educated him with a father's
"care, and he more than answered my
"expectations—such are the men Arno
"loves, thought I, for I did not know then
"how much you were altered; but now I
"repent having done so."

Arno. "I feel I deserve your reproach."

Casper. "I made a man of him; that I
"knew would be useful to you and your
"country—one, on whose fidelity you
"could safely confide.—For your sake, I
"bore the loss of my only son, without
"clamorous repinings; for know, that Al-
"bert was the innocent cause of banishing
"him from my arms—what is become of
"him, heaven only knows! for since that
"day, I have been ignorant of his fate."

Arno.

Arno. "Never can I repay the obligations I am under to you—Julia, my dear Julia, your son shall immediately be set at liberty."

Julia. (embracing him) "There spoke the father; but will your Majesty grant me another favour, the only one I shall ever ask—the permission of seeing him."

Casper. (interrupting her) "Julia, how dare you disobey my orders?"

Julia. "Because I hope a generous King will grant what a cruel brother refused."

Arno. (surprised) "What, has she never seen him?"

Casper. "No! a fainting fit she was seized with immediately after her delivery, facilitated my designs.—I had him taken from her, and brought to my house, where, as you know, he always passed for my son.—She has lived in the most solitary retreat, secluded from the society of the world, these two and thirty years; for although I trusted her with the knowledge of the secret, I never allowed her to see her child, lest, by not being able to conceal her maternal tenderness, she

“ might betray herself and you : therefore,
“ if I consider rightly, I must own she de-
“ serves the pleasure she at this moment
“ feels, and the gratification she has sighed
“ for so many years.”

Arno. (pressing Julia to his bosom) “ Un-
“ fortunate mother !—Yes, your wish shall
“ be fulfilled, you shall see him—Casper,
“ take my signet, go to the fortress your-
“ self, and release Albert—your being the
“ messenger of his enlargement, will ren-
“ der his liberty doubly welcome.—But
“ Casper, you understand me.”

Casper. “ Yes, and am willing to repeat
“ the oath I formerly took.”

Arno. (shaking his hand) “ The pressure
“ of your hand I know to be as binding as
“ an oath.—Oh ! had I but more hands
“ like this, or was able to strengthen it.”

Casper. “ If you will listen to me for an
“ hour to-morrow morning, I hope I shall
“ be able to convince you, that you have
“ hands, and hearts, both able and wil-
“ ling to serve you.”

Arno. “ That I most certainly will ; for
“ he that has given such unprecedented
“ proofs

“proofs of his attachment, as to forsake
 “his own child to serve me, must be a
 “friend indeed.”

Casper. “Be it so then.—Good night,
 “Arno; I hope I shall see you in better
 “spirits to-morrow; but take leave of her
 “(pointing to Julia) for your next meet-
 “ing will be in heaven!”

Arno. (tenderly embracing her) “Then,
 “perhaps, we may not be separated
 “long.”

Julia. “Long, very long! my Arno,
 “may I wait your arrival there—but when
 “you come ———”

Arno. “I will present to you a better
 “crown, than the one you so well de-
 “served, but which was not in my power
 “to offer you here.”

Julia attempted to kneel to Arno, but he prevented, and again embraced her, and with tears in his eyes, returned to the house. Casper led his trembling sister, as well as he was able, to the garden gate, where Buxar was waiting with Albert's carriage, which immediately conveyed them to the fortress.

Casper's name would have been sufficient, without Arno's signet, to have thrown open every gate in Nordia, even at the midnight hour: they, therefore, gained admittance without the least difficulty.

Rifa's arm was thrown round Albert's neck, who seemed to have forgot every thing but the bliss of the present moment. Hector stood at a window opposite them, leaning his elbow on it, his hand supporting his head—his eyes were fixed on them, and his mind seemed tortured by the reflection, that to insure their happiness, he should be forced to sacrifice the lives of many—when the door was suddenly thrown open. Hector started, drew his sword, and attempted to gain it; for he thought the time was come, that he must give the signal. "Put up your sword, Prince," said Casper, "for such as I can only fight with a crutch." As soon as Albert heard Casper's voice, he jumped up and ran to meet him; Rifa followed him. "Father!" said he—"Father!" repeated Rifa. "That is 'Albert,'" said Casper to Julia, "and that
" Rifa."

“Rifa.” Julia clasped him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and almost smothered him with kisses; and then turned to Rifa, whom she embraced with almost equal tenderness; and then Albert again, till quite overcome by the excess of her joy, she, without uttering a single word, sunk from his arms, and fainted. Every one was frightened, and attempted to assist her, but Casper called to Buxar, and another servant, who was waiting near the door, and ordered them to carry her away, which they did. Albert, as well as the rest, was in the greatest consternation;—inquired what was the meaning of the preceding scene, and who the woman was.—“She is a person,” replied Casper, “who acted a short, but interesting part in life, which being now finished, she may be said dead to the world—in heaven you will be better acquainted with her.—You are at liberty, Albert.” Then turning to Rifa, and taking her hand,—“I own I did not expect to find your Highness here;” and shaking Hector’s hand, “I hope, Prince, to see you with your Father to-morrow
“morn-

"morning—in the mean time, peace to
"Nordia!"

They alternately embraced each other,
and returned to town together in the coach
Casper came in.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COURT.

AT the appointed hour the next morning, Casper went to the King; his presence, and the weight his words had on Arno's mind, filled the trembling sycophants that surrounded him with fear and dismay; for Casper did not speak with the cautious respect of a subject, but with the warmth of a friend, and the dauntlessness of age, that is superior to fear. He felt himself tottering on the verge of eternity, and his spirit seemed ready to take its flight. Faction saw—trembled—and was convulsed. “Arno!” said the trembling Casper, when they were alone, and he was rising to take leave; “Arno! “if you wish for peace of mind in this “world, and happiness in the future, persevere in your present pacific intentions! “remember, that at your age you cannot “expect to live much longer! You are
“now

“ now King of Barenau, and have power
 “ to communicate happiness or misery to
 “ thousands, but in the impartial balance
 “ of eternal justice, a sigh from an op-
 “ pressed subject will as far outweigh your
 “ crown and sceptre, as a tear you have
 “ occasioned injured innocence to shed,
 “ will your most heroic deeds. The
 “ world says you are religious—your ene-
 “ mies say you are a bigot—but for my
 “ part, I believe you to be neither the one
 “ nor the other, for you, like most people,
 “ follow the rites of your ancestors, with-
 “ out suffering them to operate on your
 “ head or heart. But the profession of
 “ religion, without the practice of it, is
 “ but of little avail, and will never pro-
 “ cure you an approving conscience, with-
 “ out which, never expect happiness nor
 “ content. Not much longer, Arno,
 “ will wine and flattery have power to
 “ stifle its voice in your bosom—not much
 “ longer will you be able to command tu-
 “ multuous amusements and noisy mirth,
 “ to chase sleep from the eyes of your at-
 “ tendants, and reflection from your
 mind ;

"mind; for soon will you be called to
 "give an account of your stewardship
 "here, when, perhaps, you would gladly
 "change conditions with the poorest beg-
 "gar in your kingdom; for you will not
 "only be forced to account for a long life
 "and reign, but you are likewise respon-
 "sible for those who acted by your com-
 "mand. You know, Arno, when I was
 "a soldier, I always behaved with as
 "much humanity as was in my power;
 "never did I suffer a village to be de-
 "stroyed without the most absolute ne-
 "cessity, nor did I ever wantonly sacri-
 "fice the life of a single man; yet even
 "now, how many agonizing moments
 "does the thought occasion me, that had
 "I acted otherwise, perhaps I might have
 "saved a life, or prevented a tear being
 "shed. Do not suffer yourself, my dear
 "Arno, to be deceived by empty sounds,
 "they may tickle your ear and amuse
 "your fancy for a moment, but can never
 "satisfy your heart. Do not, I repeat,
 "suffer yourself to be duped by them, for
 "at your time of life, how soon may the
 "veil

“ veil of fiction be removed, and unadorned
 “ reality take its place ! I have nothing
 “ more to add, nor indeed any thing more
 “ to do in this world, and now, for the
 “ last time, press the hand of my king
 “ and friend—my Arno’s hand ! I shall
 “ immediately return to my loved solitude,
 “ and there with patience and resignation
 “ wait for the awful summons that only
 “ the wicked have reason to dread.
 “ Adieu, Arno ! we shall meet again in
 “ Heaven.”

Arno was extremely affected ; he tenderly embraced his friend, and repeated his pressing intreaties that he would at least remain with him some time ; but Casper was not to be prevailed on to do so. “ You are King of Barenau,” said he, “ I of Grieffenhofst, there my repose will not be disturbed by amusements, nor my peace of mind by interested flatterers. Once more, farewell ! act for the future in such a manner as to gain the approbation of your own heart. For my part, I have nothing more to do in this world—my business in it is finished
 “ —I have

“—I have closed my account, and shall
“now endeavour to prepare myself for the
“next—I will lead the way, Arno,”
shaking his hand; “and do you follow
“me.”

It was long before the King would suffer him to go; they repeated their adieus a number of times, and always recollected something else they had to say to each other. Their parting was truly affecting, and would have afforded an admirable subject for the pencil of an artist to delineate friendship in advanced life. Arno so entirely at that moment forgot the difference of situation, that he insisted on leading his infirm friend down stairs, although a number of courtiers pressed forward to offer their assistance, as they went through the anti-chamber. Perhaps many of them offered it willingly; for callous, indeed, must that heart have been, who could see that venerable old man without respecting him.

Near the entrance of the gate to the left, there was a hall or room for strange servants to wait in, and when the King
and

and Casper had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs, they saw Buxar come reeling out of it, with his drawn sabre in his hand, and storming in the most violent manner. "What is the matter?" said Casper, holding up his crutch at him.—

One can easily imagine that Albert's enlargement made a great noise in the town, and at court; but I intend leaving both for the present, to pay a morning visit to the Landgravine, to inquire how she does, after the strange vicissitudes of the preceding evening. And I am the more eager to do so, as I expect to receive pleasure there, which, alas! at present is not to be found at court. For there I shall no longer find a father's arms opened to receive a worthy son, as I did an hour ago, when Casper concluded his justification with these words: "The blessings or
" curses of heaven and your country are
" still in your power, therefore determine,
" O King and Prince, which you will
" chuse. Do you prefer the joyful accla-
" mations of your grateful subjects, for
" your united efforts to insure their happi-
" ness,

"ness, to the scorn and derision of your
 "enemies? If you do, embrace and re-
 "main friends, and let each for the fu-
 "ture look on him as his most dangerous
 "foe, who endeavours to srew the seeds
 "of suspicion in either of your minds.
 "Arno, you know Hector's heart is not
 "to be purchased, therefore endeavour to
 "gain it by confidence and paternal love.
 "And I hope, Prince, you will attempt
 "and succeed in the difficult task of con-
 "quering yourself; if you have been in-
 "jured, try to forget the wrongs you have
 "suffered, and remember, that the best of
 "kings is but a man, and as such, liable
 "to error—and this man is your father."

They forgot their animosities, and em-
 braced each other with mutual affection,
 and the last tear that fell from Cas-
 per's eye, dropped now—it was a tear of
 joy at being the means of this happy re-
 conciliation. But the calm that reigned,
 was, alas! as transient as the cheering
 rays of a winter's sun, for not an hour
 after a fresh storm arose, which seemed to
 threaten destruction.

When

When Rifa awoke in the morning, she closed her eyes again, to continue, if possible, the pleasing dream that had amused her sleeping fancy during the night. Indeed, the events of the preceding evening appeared more like a vision than reality, and she had some difficulty to persuade herself she was awake.

Sophia sat by her bed-side, anxiously watching her, for the violent agitation she had returned home in the night before, had so relaxed and wearied her, that she feared her health must suffer by it.

"Thank God!" exclaimed she, as soon as the Landgravine moved, and she saw by the smile on her countenance she was well. "Good morning, Albert," said Rifa, throwing a kiss to the faint rays of the morning sun that peeped through her window-curtains.—"And good morning, to you, my dear Sophia," continued she. Sophia embraced her, and it was with the sincerest pleasure she found her fears were vain, and that her amiable friend was well and happy. She was still uninformed of the late events, for who
was

was composed enough the night before to relate them to her? all she knew was, that Albert's affairs had taken a favourable turn. For after passing some hours in the most cruel suspense the preceding evening, and sending one servant after the other to seek the Landgravine, she heard a carriage stop at the gate, she impatiently ran to it, and was agreeably surprized at seeing Albert jump out of it, who, after assisting Risa in alighting, led her to Sophia, whose hand he pressed, and then hastily returned to the carriage without speaking a word. She with difficulty supported Risa, who trembled excessively; nor did Albert seem much less agitated. "Look! "look!" said Buxar to her, as he shut the coach door, "that is my old master—" "that is the general." She turned to do so, and to welcome him as their guardian angel, but before her eyes could catch a glimpse of him, the carriage rolled on. "Many would rather have seen the devil "than him, I believe," said Buxar, as he hobbled after it.

Risa

Rifa attempted to speak, but her tears that flowed in abundance, interrupted her words. Sophia begged of her to try to compose herself, and led her to her apartment, which she had no sooner gained, than, quite overpowered by the violence of the contending emotions she had so long restrained, she fainted. Her attendants with some difficulty undressed, and put her to bed, when, overcome by weakness and fatigue, she soon fell into a composing slumber.

Her first transports of joy were now abated, and Sophia's fears for the consequence of it happily removed. "Are you quite well this morning?" said she.— "Perfectly so," was Rifa's answer. "But did you see Casper last night?"

Sophia. "Buxar told me he was in the carriage at the moment it drove away. The pleasure I felt at seeing you again was so great, that I hardly perceived Albert."

Rifa. "That seems to me to be impossible. But you have no idea, Sophia, of the power Casper has here; every
" door

"door flew open at his approach.—Let
 "me give you an account of the sur-
 "prising things that happened last
 "night."

Sophia. "But before you begin, let me
 "dispatch Rush, who has been waiting
 "some time. His master, I dare say, is
 "impatient to know how your Highness
 "finds yourself this morning."

Rifa. "I will get up and speak to him
 "myself."

She did so, and throwing her *peignoir*
 over her shoulders, went into her dressing-
 room, and desired Sophia to ring for
 Rush. "Good morning to you, Rush,"
 said she, as he entered; "how did you sleep
 "last night?"—"Sleep, your Highness, is
 "a night in our debt, for we had enough
 "to do the last without it," replied Rush;
 "for as all my master's effects were sealed,
 "and every thing was in the greatest con-
 "fusion, we endeavoured to put them in
 "order as well as we could."

Rifa. "Your cheerful looks, Rush,
 "tell me you do not regret the trouble
 "you had."

Rush. "No! for I assure your Highness
"I never passed so happy a night."

Rifa. "I am convinced of your attach-
"ment to your master, and value you
"for it. But tell me, is your master
"well?"

Rush. "He is quite well, and I am sure
"he will be quite happy when he hears
"your Highness is so—for he is very uneasy
"on your account."

Rifa. "Then return to him this mo-
"ment, and tell him I shall be glad to see
"him as soon as he pleases."

Rush. "I am certain he will very soon
"have the honour of paying his respects to
"your Highness."

Rifa. "Wait a moment, Rush, (she
"opened a jewel-case, and took a ring out
"of it) carry this to your master, and de-
"fire him to wear it for my sake; tell him
"it is the ring my father received from my
"mother when she was betrothed to him:
"look, here is a motto, which is so small
"that perhaps your master may not imme-
"diately take notice of it, therefore shew
"it him—*Inséparable*—do you see it? And
"do

"do you take this watch, for I can find
 "nothing else at present that will be use-
 "ful to you (throwing her jewels about)
 "you may sell your own, and give your
 "money to the poor, for I will take care
 "to provide for you, Buxar, and all your
 "fellow servants. (Rush attempted to kiss
 "her petticoat, but she pushed him back,
 "and gave him her hand.) For shame,
 "Rush, never offend me again by such
 "mean obsequiousness—am I not a mortal
 "like yourself? But tell me, Rush, how
 "did it happen that you were all assembled
 "at the fortress last night?"

Rush. "In the evening a man that was
 "muffled up in such a manner that it was
 "impossible to discover who he was,
 "tapped at our window, and told us to
 "saddle our horses, and wait with them
 "near the fortress.—By whose orders?"
 said Stiri.—"Fool!" replied he, and left
 us.

Rifa. "Do you know who the person
 "was?"

Rush. (whispering) "I think it was
 "Prince Hector. However, I followed

" the person : in the street I saw and
 " heard several things that alarmed me.
 " Thank God, the affair took the turn it
 " did, or I believe the grave-diggers would
 " have had plenty of work to do to-day ;
 " I therefore thought it would be better,
 " in case there should be danger, to go
 " home and fetch my gun, and whilst I
 " was loading it, my old master arrived.
 " He immediately ordered the carriage
 " and Buxar to attend him to the King.
 " We all kept near the fortress, deter-
 " mined, if any harm was intended our
 " master, either to rescue him, or die in his
 " defence—but I am glad our assistance
 " was not necessary."

Rifa. " Was the General up when you
 " went out ?"

Rush. " He went with Prince Hector to
 " the King above an hour before my master
 " sent me to your Highness ; and I heard
 " him say to his father as he helped him
 " into the carriage, he hoped he would
 " succeed in his intention of reconciling
 " them."

Rifa.

Rifa. "What events have happened
"whilst I was asleep! and how peaceful
"were my slumbers!"

Sophia. "An ever-watchful guardian
"angel protects the favourites of heaven
"when they sleep."

Rifa. "I will only ask you another
"question, Rush, and then dismiss you.
"Have you heard who that strange wo-
"man was?"

Rush. "Upon my word I have not;
"she came with the general, and went
"with him to the King, and was nearly
"in the same state when she left him, as
"she was in when Buxar and the strange
"servant carried her from the fortress to
"the carriage that was waiting for her
"near it. It was a plain travelling coach,
"the same they came in, and four post-
"horses; a woman was sitting in it who
"received the fainting lady; Buxar or-
"dered the postillion to drive on, and it
"was out of sight in a moment."

Rifa. "The whole story is a riddle to
"me."

Rush. "And to me likewise. But perhaps Buxar will inform your Highness of it, if you will ask him. I have said nothing to him about it, for I know my asking him would be to no purpose. I happened to be in the room next to that the General sleeps in, when my master led him to it last night; and I heard him ask his father the same question your Highness did me just now. His answer was, 'It is a secret I am bound by an oath never to disclose.'"

Rifa. "Then go and carry him the agreeable information that I am well, and wish to see him."

Rush went, and Rifa throwing herself into her friend's arms, said, "Am I awake, Sophia! for I can hardly persuade myself to believe I am."—"I hope," was the reply, "that Albert's arrival will soon convince you."—"But in the meantime," said the Landgravine, "let me relate the marvellous story to you." They seated themselves on an ottoman, and Rifa began—"When I left you, I went towards the fortress; near it I met
" Prince

" Prince Hector, who led me to Albert ;
 " we found him sitting in his solitary
 " prison, in a melancholy posture—he
 " seemed forsaken by the whole world.
 " When the door opened and he saw me,
 " he flew as quick as lightning across the
 " room, without being awed by Hector's
 " presence, into these arms, which gladly
 " received him. I thought I had much to
 " say to him, but I forgot every thing at
 " that moment, except the pleasure I felt.
 " Hector walked up and down the room ;
 " he seemed to be our guard, and often
 " looked at us with the most fraternal af-
 " fection. Never, Sophia, shall I be
 " able to repay that worthy man for his af-
 " fectionate kindness to me. We might
 " have been near an hour together; I was
 " endeavouring, and had nearly succeeded
 " in banishing a frown that wrinkled Al-
 " bert's brow. Hector stood at the win-
 " dow, and seemed lost in thought: we
 " heard a noise in the passage, and the
 " door was suddenly thrown open. I
 " cannot say I was frightened, but I re-
 " member I caught hold of Albert's hand.

" Hector drew his sword at the moment
 " Casper entered. I am certain, Sophia,
 " I should have known him, even if Al-
 " bert had not said Father ! for never was
 " courage and worth more strongly marked
 " than on every feature of his expressive
 " countenance, which, although fur-
 " rowed by the iron hand of age, is one
 " of the finest I ever saw. Casper was
 " followed by a woman, she was veiled,
 " and seemed to gasp for breath as she
 " entered the room ; she eagerly embraced
 " Albert, and then me, and heaving a
 " deep sigh, fainted in my arms. Al-
 " though no longer young, she retained
 " the remains of beauty, and her form
 " was extremely elegant. In the agony I
 " was in, I could not find my smelling-
 " bottle ; I called for water and help, but
 " there was none to be had. Casper
 " called on Buxar to take her away,
 " which the hard-hearted old man did,
 " notwithstanding my earnest entreaties to
 " the contrary. I am certain, Sophia,
 " this woman's fate is by some means
 " nearly connected with our's, but there
 " seems

"seems no probability of our ever fathom-
 "ing the mystery."

Sophia. (after musing for some time)
 "I wonder if my suspicions are ground-
 "less ! You say, Rifa, this woman went
 "with Casper to the King ?"

Rifa. "You heard what Russh said, I
 "know no more about it ; for I had no
 "opportunity of mentioning it to Albert
 "last night."

Sophia. "You without doubt remember
 "what Buxar said to you, when you were
 "so alarmed on the Major's account ; ' he
 ' cannot die,' said he, ' as long as Casper
 ' and I live, and a woman can pronounce
 ' Arno's name.' He talked of the voice
 "of nature ; and when he was alarmed at
 "the discovery he had made, in his con-
 "fusion, asked, ' if the King could have
 ' consented to Hector's death !' Sum up
 "all these circumstances, my dear Rifa,
 "and tell me what you think of them.
 "Love is unjustly called blind, for in
 "many respects its eye is more penetrating
 "than that of the greatest politician."

Risa. "I recollect perfectly the circumstances you mention, and have often thought on them; but, in fact, it is immaterial whether we are acquainted with the secret or not, for Albert will neither be more nor less amiable, let his origin be what it will. But I wonder, Sophia, he does not come!"

Sophia. "If Cupid had lent Rush his wings, he could hardly be at home yet; and impatient as you are, you expect his master to be here already. But I believe it is time to dress."

Risa. "Dress! what nonsense! Albert in prison was not less dear to me than Albert at court; and do you think I shall be less estimable in his eyes in this simple cloak, than if he sees me in the most costly apparel and gayest ornaments? I thought, Sophia, you were better acquainted with love."

Sophia. "Herman was a beggar, and yet I loved him."

Risa. (smiling) "Well, then, I will dress; but I assure you I do not intend doing so, because I expect Albert; come, Sophia,

"Sophia, let us begin the important
"talk."

Just as she was going to ring for her attendant, Falk knocked at the door, and told Sophia, that the poor people were waiting for their weekly allowance, and desired her to ask the Landgravine for it. Risa distributed a hundred and fifty florins every week to a number of indigent persons, and this was the first time there was occasion to remind her of her bounty; but to-day she had entirely forgotten it.—"They shall have double their usual allowance," said she; "and I think, Sophia, as it is such
"a fine day, we will give it them ourselves—tell them, Falk, to wait in the
"garden, and bring our breakfast to the
"seat under the balcony." She went to her *escrutoir*, and holding up the side of her *peignoir* put money into it, without staying to count it; and then, with a heart as light as innocence could make it, ran with Sophia, to her pensioners, whom she ordered to assemble about her. She distributed her bounty to them, and was amply repaid by the tear or smile of gratitude

each face expressed. The scene was beyond description interesting, to see the great Theffalo's daughter, surrounded by a number of poor and infirm persons, relieving their wants, and familiarly conversing with them; and the pleasure their countenances expressed was more owing to the condescension of the giver, than the gift itself.

In the mean time Albert arrived—Sophia saw him first, but he made a sign to her not to notice him, and she did the same to the poor; he therefore had the pleasure of enjoying for a moment the beautiful sight, of his Risa in a situation that reflected the greatest honour on her heart, relieving the wants, and alleviating the distresses of the indigent and afflicted. She was too much occupied at first to perceive that their eyes frequently wandered in a certain direction, where they fixed, till she happened to remark Sophia's chiding ones—she turned her head, and saw Albert leaning against a marble pillar, of the Corinthian order, looking at her.—“Albert,” said she, starting from her chair—the remaining

maining part of the money fell as she did so.—“Take it,” was all she could say, as she ran to meet him. “Do I see you again, Albert?” was all she could articulate, for her tears prevented the utterance of words, till recovering herself, and turning to the poor, she continued, “perhaps the Almighty has blessed me on your account. Last week you partook of my sorrows, now share my joy, and tell every one you see, that Risa is happy.” They did not go, but we will leave them for the present, to fetch Casper.

We left him, supported by the King, at the bottom of the stairs, and the drunken Buxar, with his drawn sabre, reeling towards them. “Buxar, Buxar!” said Casper, “what is the meaning of this?” for he had too much penetration not to discover, that something extraordinary must have happened to him.

But as Buxar does not seem to be in a situation to relate his story, we will do it for him.

After

After he had led his master to the door of the King's apartment, he returned to the room we mentioned before—there was nobody in it; he therefore sat down and reflected on the strange changes the last night had produced, and wondered how they would end. He had not sat long, when one of the King's footmen entered, and asked him if he would drink a glass of wine, which he willingly accepted; for as he had spent a sleepless night, he was tired, and felt a croaking and rumbling in his stomach, that made it the more acceptable. The wine and some biscuits were brought, and he eat and drank with his usual appetite. Soon after another servant came in, and pretended great joy at seeing him.—“I have some better wine than that you are drinking,” said he, “I will treat you with it.” Buxar did not need much persuasion; for his throat was of such a texture, that when once moistened it received every fluid that was offered it without any resistance. With such temptations, therefore, it was no wonder his heart grew light, his little pig's eyes sparkled, and

his tongue ran with extreme volubility. He related a number of adventures he and his old master had been engaged in—good and bad, just as they came into his head. This was exactly what they wanted; for I have no doubt but that my readers have already discovered the trap that was laid, to draw the secret from the senseless Buxar. After several artful turnings and windings, they led the discourse to the Major, whom they praised in the most extravagant terms, and hinted, in confidence, that they were not unacquainted with the private reasons of the extreme power his father had over the King; but to be sure, as Buxar had lived so many years in the family, he must know the particulars of them better than they did, and that as none but friends were present, he need not be afraid to mention them—they added, that they had been told, that a woman had been with the General, in the garden the night before, when he saw the King—that she went with him to the fortress, and that the sentries had told an odd story about her being carried away in a fit; but

but for their part they supposed it to be a pack of lies. "A-ha!" said Buxar, "are you thereabout;" and, laying his head on the table, pretended to fall fast asleep. They did what they could to wake him, but not another word could they get out of him. When they found all their efforts were vain, they left the room one after the other, and Buxar really then did what he before pretended—fell asleep.

But he was soon disturbed by a violent noise at the door—he started up; it was a gentleman, who said he wanted his rascal of a footman, and thought, perhaps, he might find him there. "How do you do, Buxar?" said he, "I little thought to have seen you here this morning."—"Hum," said Buxar, laying his head on the table again.

Gentleman. "I asked you how you did, Buxar (tapping his shoulder) I think you might give me a civil answer."

Buxar. (muttering, and without raising his head) "I am very well, and I wish you would let me alone."

Gent.

Gent. "I do not wonder at your being
"sleepy, you have had a fatiguing night."

Buxar. (in the same posture) "Not so
"fatiguing as some I passed at Stralsund."

Gent. "What, were you there?"

Buxar. (jumping up) "I there, to be
"sure I was—why, Sir, I have served his
"most gracious Majesty these two and fifty
"years; and know, Sir, (reeling) that
"whatever battle has been within that
"time, Buxar was at it."

Gent. "Were you ever wounded?"

Buxar. "If you had ever looked at me,
"you might have saved yourself the trou-
"ble of asking."

Gent. "I love to hear accounts of bat-
"tles."

Buxar. "Yes, I dare say you do; for
"there is no danger in talking about them
"at the fire-side (laying his head on the
"table again, and muttering again) you
"fop."

Gent. "I should like to hear a circum-
"stantial account of an action."

Buxar. "And I should like to sleep."

Gent.

Gent. "You had better rouse yourself,
"or you will not hear when your master
"goes away."

Buxar. "That is my affair; if I do not
"hear him, I warrant you he will call me,
"as I have often done him, when the ene-
"my was at our heels."

Gent. (shaking him) "Hark ye, Buxar!
"I have just recollected something."

Buxar. "It is more than I have."

Gent. "It is in your power to do me,
"and a certain gentleman that belongs to
"the court, a great favour; and he, as
"well as myself (pulling out his purse) will
"reward you for it."

Buxar. "I wish you would do me the
"favour to let me sleep now—you know
"where I live, and can come and tell me
"what you want some other time."

Gent. "But it must be done immedi-
"ately—it will not hinder you a minute,
"and then you may sleep as long as you
"please."

Buxar. "Well then, to have done with
"it; for I am tired of talking—what do
"you want me to do?"

Gent.

Gent. (offering him the purse) "Here, friend, take this, and tell me where she is to be found—you understand me. (Buxar stared at him, and he continued) "I am informed of the whole affair; you run no risque in telling me; no one shall ever know what passes between us; God forbid that I should do you an injury—she sent me word a few days ago, that she should come here with the General, but a certain reason made it necessary for her to remain incognito, but that she would send me word when I might speak to her; but I suppose she has been prevented sending to me; and as I have something of consequence to say to her, I wish you would tell me where I can find her. It is true, I could ask the General, but as my business only concerns herself, it is not necessary for him to know any thing about it; I therefore preferred applying to you, who can inform me just as well; and as one civility deserves another, take this to drink my health (offering him the purse) and tell me."

Buxar

Buxar started up, knocked the purse out of his hand, and pushed him down, exclaiming at the same time, in the most furious manner, "You have got the wrong fow by the ear, you dog you;" and, drawing his sabre, "but I will do for you." The gentleman got up, and ran out of the room as fast as he could. Buxar, in attempting to overtake him, fell over a chair, and lay sprawling on the floor for some time; but at last recovering himself, he got up, and ran out of the room, brandishing his sabre; and it was at that moment the King and Casper came down stairs, and saw him. "Buxar, Buxar!" said Casper, holding up his cane, "what is the meaning of this?" As soon as Buxar saw the King, he put up his sabre, and attempted a martial salutation, which however did not succeed. "What is the matter with you, Buxar?" said Arno, "has any body offended you?"

Buxar. "I hope your Majesty will forgive me; I only wanted to sleep quietly —and—and——"

Gent. "He is drunk."

Casper.

Casper. "That is very visible; but something has happened to him for all that."

Officer. "You ought to have been more on your guard when you were so near his Majesty."

Buxar. "So near his Majesty! yes—Pray, Sir, were you ever in a battle?—so near his Majesty, indeed!—I have often drawn this sabre near him; for where his Majesty was, there was my master; and where he was, there was I—look at these scars; and here (pulling off his cap) see my bald pate is covered with them; and I received them all near his Majesty, for we were always in the posts of the greatest danger—ask his gracious Majesty, there he stands, if it is not true."

King. "Very true, Buxar; but tell me what has happened to you."

Buxar. "There lay the cursed gold with which they tried to corrupt my honesty; they wanted to know who the woman was that your Majesty saw in the garden last night; but Buxar was too cunning for them."

King.

King. (in a passion) "What have I
" spies in my palace? Can nothing be done
" without their knowledge? But whoever
" they are, they shall repent of their mean
" and impertinent curiosity."

Casper. "Let me hasten to return to my
" own Grieffenhorst; for I find in Nor-
" dia, even the Palace is not safe."

King. (turning in a furious manner to
the courtiers) "Never did I expect such
" meanness, such baseness, from you—you
" that I have so long nourished in my bo-
" som; and to secure your domestic com-
" forts, I have so often ventured my life in
" the hostile field! But tell me, honest
" Buxar, who it was—speak without fear,
" that I may instantly brand him with the
" ignominy he deserves—speak!"

Buxar. "I do not know who he was,
" for I hardly took the trouble of looking
" at him. Some footmen plagued me first,
" but I soon got rid of them; then that
" little whipper-snapper, who was as light
" as a goose quill, came, and would not
" be said nay to; but I threw him down,
" and his money flew about his ears; and
" I should

"I should have tickled him with this
 "(pointing to his sabre) if he had not been
 "too quick for me—he ran that way."

King. "So even my menial servants were
 "employed! Oh shame! eternal shame!
 "on those that could stoop so low, as to
 "try to corrupt servants to betray their
 "masters—their King's secrets, which they
 "ought to respect. I wish nature would
 "pause for a moment, that I might disco-
 "ver the guilty wretch, by the palpitation
 "of his heart (as the King was speaking,
 "Baron Karacol, the master of the horse,
 "entered the gate Buxar had pointed to)
 "did you meet any body just now, Ba-
 "ron?"

Karacol. "No, your Majesty, I think
 "not; at least I do not remember to have
 "met any body."

King. "Recollect yourself, Baron, for
 "it is of consequence for me to know; and
 "I may call you to account for it."

Karacol. (thinking) "I think I saw
 "somebody walking behind the stables, as
 "I came along, but I do not know who
 "it was; I did not take notice of him,
 "(Arno

“(Arno frowned) I think, but I am not
“ sure, it was Count Tush.”

King. “What coloured coat did he
“ wear?”

Karacol. “If I remember right, it was a
“ scarlet.”

Buxar. “Then that was he, for I re-
“ member he looked just like a turkey-
“ cock.”

King. “From this moment he is dis-
“ missed from all his employments, and
“ sent to the fortress for life! I will be
“ present at his examination, to discover,
“ if possible, his accomplices, who shall
“ equally feel the effects of my anger. Oh,
“ Casper! Casper! (taking his hand) the
“ days that were spent in the field of bat-
“ tle were happy compared to these; for
“ there the evening of a toilsome day was
“ spent in the circle of friends, and honest
“ soldiers, whose joy was sincere; when
“ they saw their King had escaped the dan-
“ ger of it unhurt; but now I am betrayed
“ in my palace, by those that eat my
“ bread!”

Casper. (shaking his hand) “Farewell,
“ Arno, I leave you with a heavy heart;
“ for

"for I pity you from my soul; and that is
"saying a good deal to a King."

King. "I hope you will die soon, Cas-
"per, that at least you may not despise
"me; for in a situation like mine, I think
"every thing that is bad is to be feared."

Casper again shook Arno's hand, and pointing to the Prince, said, "He will be
"your avenger." He bowed to the courtiers, who returned his salute in the most obsequious manner. Hector led him to his carriage, and helped him into it. The drunken Buxar passed through the crowd unnoticed, and got home as well as he could. Arno remained at the gate till the coach was out of sight, and then retired to his closet—he was invisible for the whole day, except at dinner, when he was gloomy and silent.

"Casper! Casper!" exclaimed every voice, as his carriage rolled through Nordia streets. "Look! look!" cried parents to their children, and old people to the young ones, "that is he, who formerly
"was the saviour of our country; where-

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"ever

“ ever he commanded, victory was certain ;
“ his arm was invincible. Three times he
“ repulsed the enemy from our gates, and
“ three times we carried him, covered with
“ wounds, into this town—look at him,
“ children, for you will never behold his
“ like again. They were different times
“ when he sat at the helm, to those we live
“ in now : the King always followed his
“ advice, and his advice was always good
“ —when he said peace ! we had it ; and
“ when he said declare war ! it was done.
“ At that time we had men, and not head-
“ strong boys, in the ministry and army,
“ as we have now.”

Casper received much pleasure from the grateful applause of his fellow citizens : he bowed to them from the coach windows, with as cheerful a countenance as he could assume ; but the difference of the past, to the present, was so obvious, and intruded so frequently on his mind, that an aching heart was concealed by a smiling face.

With these sentiments he arrived at the Landgravine's palace. He found her in the garden, where we left her with Albert ;
the

the poor people were at some distance from them, each receiving his share of the money she had let fall; for they, far from greedily appropriating it, were pleased with the decision of an old man, who had ordered a boy to pick it up, and give it him, that he might equally divide it.

As soon as Risa and Albert saw Casper enter the gate, they ran to meet and welcome him; each of them seized one of his hands, and were leading him towards the house, when the sound of "Casper! Casper!" repeated by several voices at the same time, caught his ear. He turned, and seeing a number of people, inquired what crowd that was? "They are my guests in your Nordia," replied Risa, smiling. Casper looked at her, with surprise and pleasure, and pressing her hand, said "they do you more honour, my dear daughter, than if you fed a thousand courtiers: you have, I see, with his dignity, inherited your father's, the great Theffalo's heart: but (turning to the poor) which amongst you knows me?"—"I! I!" said several of them.—"Let me see," said

Casper, going towards them, "if I know
 "any of you—who are ye?"—"Com-
 "rades," replied some old cripples, "we
 "fought under your command at Albin-
 "gen, Norbrand, and Damsbach, &c:—
 "What," said Casper, seating himself in
 Rifa's chair, "*Comrades* and *beggars*, how
 "is that?"—"Because," replied an old
 man, "we have no friend to intercede for
 "us *now*, as you used to do; no invalid
 "dares approach the King, as they did
 "when you were at court, and say, I am
 "too feeble to hold my sword—Arno, give
 "me a crutch and bread. Our King, no-
 "ble General, has quite forgotten his poor
 "old foldiers."—"Come nearer," said
 Casper, "and tell me your names."—
 They did so, one after the other.

Casper. "I recollect perfectly the scars
 "of the Turkish sabres, although I do not
 "remember your names."

"And if you have forgotten all the rest,"
 said an old man, laying his hand on Cas-
 per's shoulder, "I am sure your must re-
 "member the fearless Espen."

Casper.

Casper. (looking at him) "Why, I hope
"you do not pretend to be him."

Espen. "Yes, I am he that formerly was
"unacquainted with the meaning of the
"words fear and danger; and although
"now reduced to a beggar and a cripple,
"my heart is still unchanged!"

Casper. (shaking his hand) "Espen!
"you Espen!—Good God!"

Espen. "Do you remember, General,
"when we were both wounded near Nor-
"brand, and were left in the field with the
"flain. I lay at some distance from you,
"but your groans and lamentations for a
"drop of water, moved me so, that I col-
"lected what little strength I had, to reach
"you my canteen, that had a little in it."

Casper. "Well do I remember it, and
"how it refreshed me—did I ever reward
"you for it?"

Espen. "You rewarded me nobly; for
"you gave me your purse, and bid me
"take every thing you had about you, for
"you did not expect to recover: you were
"wounded in two places, your shoulder,
"and the side of your neck."

Casper. "Your memory is better than mine, for I have forgotten the particulars of it."

Espen. "There were two hundred ducats in the purse you gave me for the drop of dirty water: I sent them to my wife, thinking, if I had the misfortune to return home a cripple, I should have something to comfort me in my old age. My fears proved true, although my hopes deceived me. I returned home a cripple, but *law* and *justice* heard of my ducats, and devoured them. I have often thought of you, my worthy general, and the remembrance of you was always attended with a sigh."

Casper. "How old are you?"

Espen. "I do not know my age; but I begin to think, that death, which was always hovering about the youth and man, has forgotten the wretched skeleton, who, worn by age and misfortunes, frequently calls on him for relief."

Casper. "Were you at Damsbach?"

"I was there! I was there, too!" repeated several voices together.

Espen. "Yes, it was there I was reduced to this miserable state; a slash in my shoulder deprived me of the use of my right arm, and a shot in my hip lamed me: you know, we were ordered to hew our way through the lines of the enemy's infantry—we did so, and victory was our's."

Casper. (with indignation) "And this is your reward—that day fixed the crown on Arno's head. Albert, give me a leaf out of your pocket-book, and your pencil. I am rich enough (to *Espen*) to provide for you myself; but the King must, and shall do it."

Albert gave him the paper—he wrote a few words on his knee, and sealing it up, gave it to *Espen*. "Carry this to the King immediately," said he, "and insist on seeing him yourself—to whoever may attempt to prevent you, say I sent you; they will then let you pass: and if you have not a sufficient pension assigned you by to-morrow evening, inform Major de Nordenschild of it, who will provide for you. And, in that case, Albert,

" (turn-

“ (turning to him) I order you to go to the
 “ King, and tell him, that Casper, with
 “ his latest breath, will curse him for suf-
 “ fering those to want who shed their
 “ blood in his service.”

Casper's checks glowed with anger, and he spoke with the warmth, the energy of youth. He shook the hands of his old comrades, as he passed them, and Albert, unperceived, threw his purse into Espen's hat. Risa gave a ducat to each of the warriors, and two to Espen.—“ If the King
 “ provides for you ever so plentifully,” said she, “ I insist on giving you a bottle of
 “ wine every day; because the water you
 “ once gave this worthy man (embracing
 “ Casper) refreshed and comforted him:
 “ therefore, bring your cantine every morn-
 “ ing, and have it filled; and when you
 “ are no longer able to fetch it, I will send
 “ it you.”

The poor returned to their respective habitations, blessing their kind benefactors, who had so amply relieved their wants.

Casper had enough to do to relate to Albert and Risa, all that had happened at
 court

court that morning; and he finished his relation with these words: "I am certain
 "it will give you pleasure to know, that
 "I have succeeded in my intention of re-
 "conciling Hector to his father: but I
 "have done nothing for you, Albert, nor
 "for your Highness; and except last night,
 "when the discourse led to it, neither of
 "your names were mentioned by the King,
 "nor me; for I cannot condescend to ask
 "a favour, even for you: your affairs,
 "therefore, remain just as they were; I
 "foresee you will have many obstacles to
 "encounter, before your love is rewarded;
 "but time and patience conquers every
 "difficulty. Arno's hereditary enemy is
 "just awakened from a long slumber, and
 "is watching for an opportunity to renew
 "his old quarrel; a war is therefore inevi-
 "table, and in all probability will soon
 "break out, when I hope, Albert, you
 "you will distinguish yourself in such a
 "a manner, as to merit a great reward. In
 "the mean time, endeavour to gain the con-
 "fidence of the army, and love of the peo-
 "ple; and by maintaining your indepen-
 "dence,

“ dence, you will keep the court in awe.
“ I know to do so requires much caution,
“ but you have sense and experience, use
“ them properly, and I am certain you will
“ succeed.”

It was near dinner time, and Casper did not seem inclined to go, although he had neither announced himself, nor had been invited by Risa to stay. “ I hope,” said he at last, “ as your Highness has fed so many invalids to-day, you will not refuse me a place at your table.”—“ You will make me happy by accepting one,” was her reply, “ it was a pleasure I wished, but feared Arno would deprive me of.”—“ I should be sorry to be forced to dine at court to-day,” said he; “ I believe I have spoiled their appetites; but much good may it do them.”

Risa immediately sent to invite some officers of her regiment, whom she knew were Albert's friends, to dinner. They came, and rejoiced at the fortunate termination of his affairs: in short, the whole party seemed as happy as imagination can well form one. “ I have good wine, and am
“ sur-

“surrounded with girls and soldiers,” said Casper, “and there is but one thing wanting to prevent my being at this moment the happiest mortal living; had I but that, I should say, misfortune may play at ball with me to-morrow; I defy her to-day. You may love your bottle, and your girl, my friends (turning to the officers) but when honour calls, forget both; for wine heats, and you will then want coolness and deliberation—Love softens and relaxes the heart, and firmness and stability is what you ought to possess. Think on me when you march against the enemy, and my word for it, you will conquer.”